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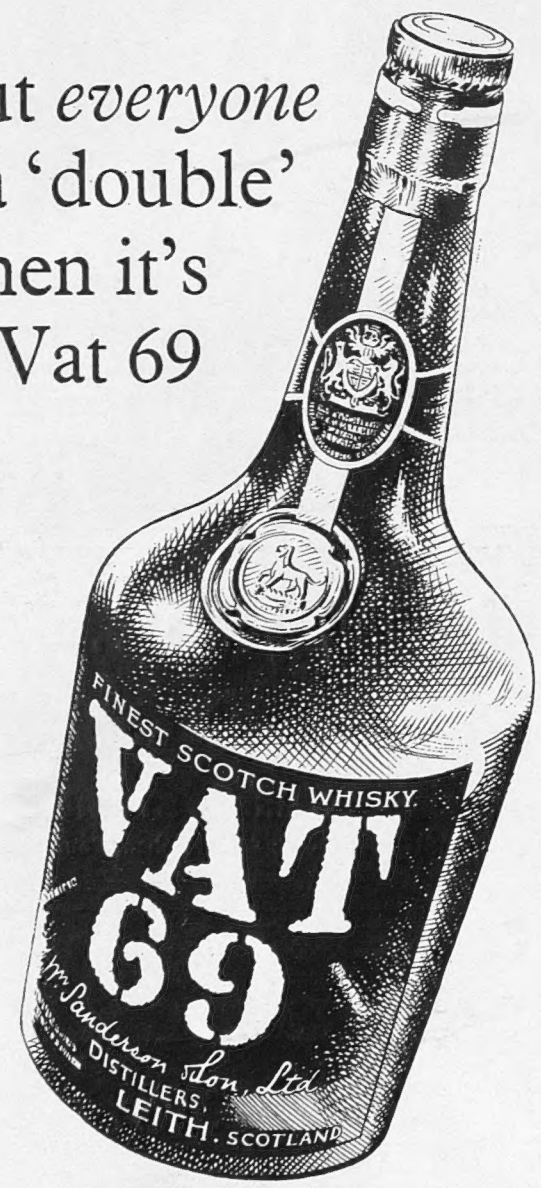

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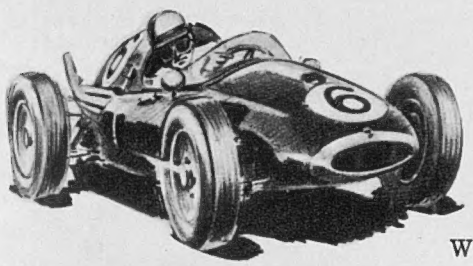

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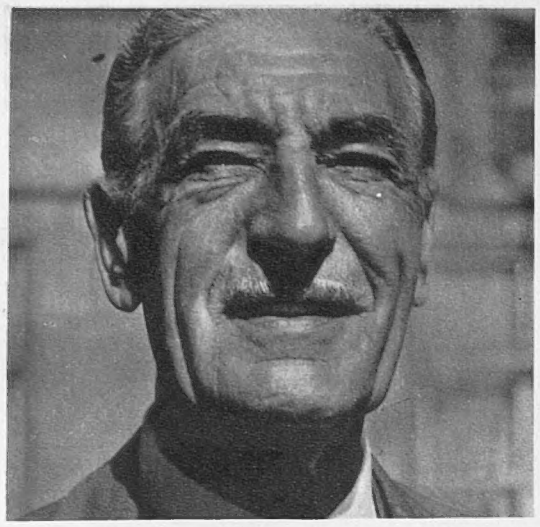

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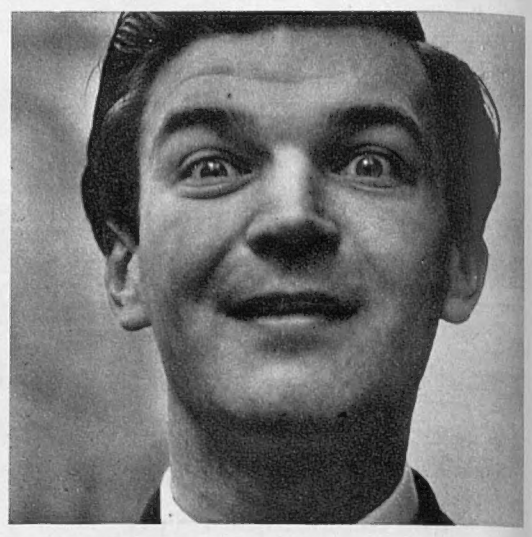

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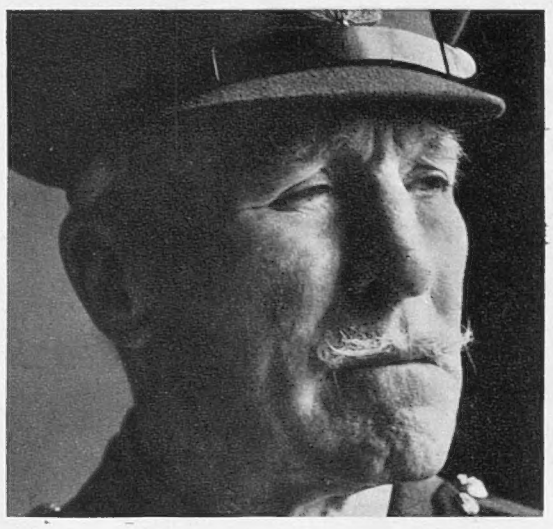

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Volume CCXLII No. 3137

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 16, 1960

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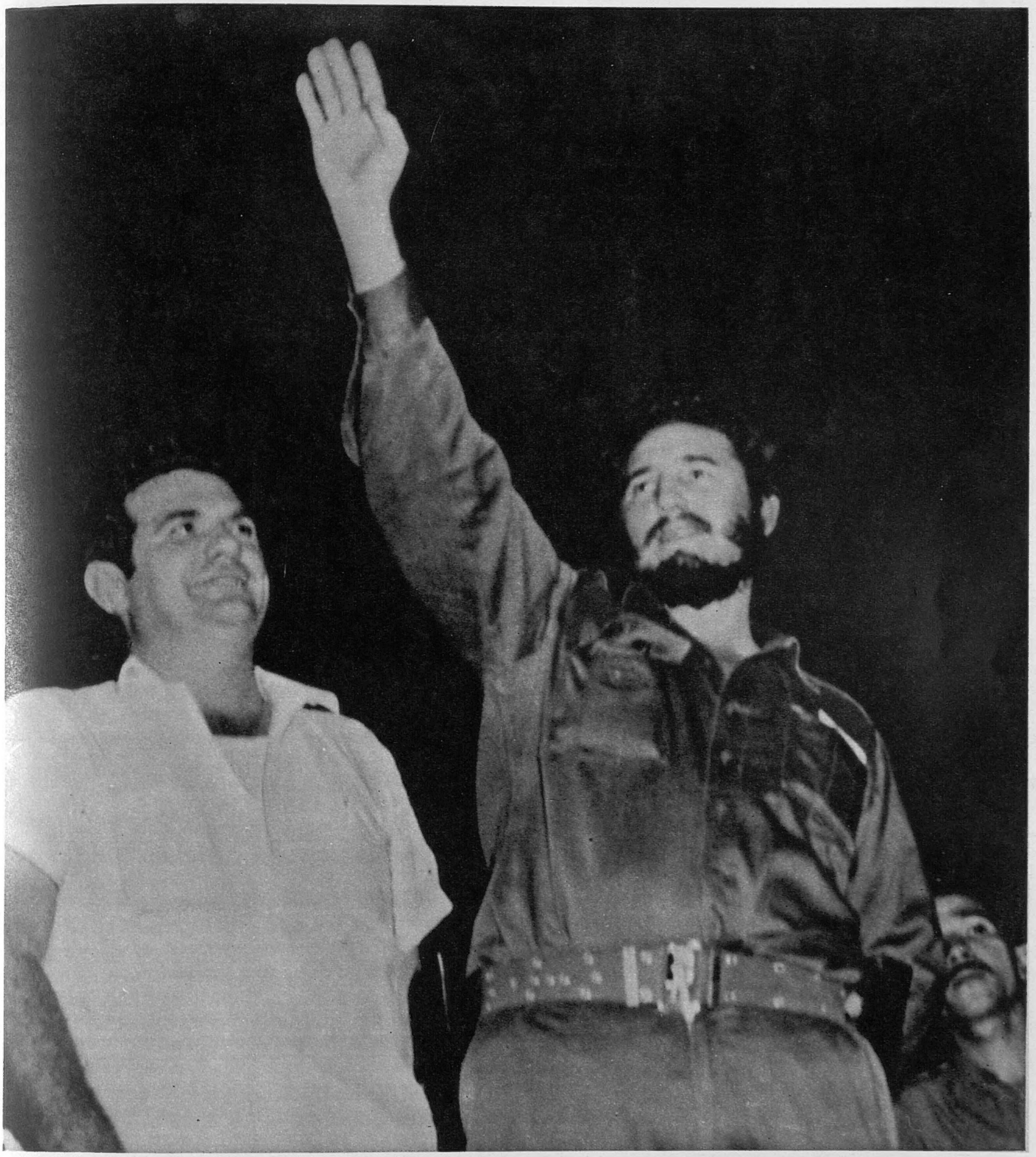

CASTRO CASTIGATES THE U.S.

The Cuban Prime Minister makes an impassioned speech to sugar-workers at Artemisa on the south coast of the island as tension increases in the crisis between Cuba and the United States. With him is Señor Conrado Becquer, a leader of the sugar-workers' union. Last week President Eisenhower announced a cut of 700,000 tons in the quota of Cuban sugar to be imported into the United States. (In effect this will stop almost all further imports for the year.) The American action was taken in retaliation for the seizure by the Cuban Government of the American-owned oil refineries on the island. Dr. Castro made his reply to the United States sugar cut in a two-and-a-half-hour speech on radio and television. He bitterly assailed the U.S.A., which he called "a decadent empire," and declared that after years of United States "aggression" the Cuban people were ready to resist. "The real fight is just beginning," he added. On Sunday it was announced in Havana that Dr. Castro was suffering from a slight lung infection and must rest for a few weeks

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NEWS SUMMARY

The Trade Unions and Mr. Gaitskell; Spain's Foreign Minister in London; The "Presidential Stakes" at Los Angeles; Austria and Khrushchev

THE CONGO

At the beginning of the week, the situation appeared extremely ugly. There was complete confusion over the course of events. It was not clear if the Belgian Government had been asked to intervene to stop the rioting and bloodshed, although, in fact, Belgian paratroops had been flown to various areas in the Congo. Mr. Moise Tschombe, the self-styled Premier of Katanga, the richest province in the Congo, which had announced secession from Congo Republic, had reportedly asked for military aid from Northern Rhodesia. (See also pages 80 and 81.)

GREAT BRITAIN

The death of Mr. Bevan left vacant the Deputy Leadership of the Labour Party. The choice of his successor, to be elected by the 257 Labour M.P.s, was regarded of especial importance in view of the current divisions within the Party's ranks. Last week two more of the big trade unions expressed their attitudes at their annual conferences to Mr. Gaitskell's policies on the controversial Clause 4 (regarding nationalisation) in the Party's constitution and on defence. Both the Mineworkers and the National Union of Railwaymen rejected the Gaitskell compromise on Clause 4 (for a mixed economy of part public and part private ownership). On defence the miners supported Mr. Gaitskell but the railwaymen opposed him and favoured unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain. The views of the other powerful unions so far expressed are: Supporting Mr. Gaitskell on both issues: General and Municipal Workers. Supporting on Clause 4 but opposing on defence: the Shopworkers. Opposing the Labour leadership on both issues: Engineers and Transport Workers.

There were signs that the Labour leaders might try to distract attention from their own dissensions by intensifying their campaign against the Government on the high price of land for building. Last week the Minister of Housing, Mr. Henry Brooke, announced there would be no further controls on the buying and selling of land, nor would the Government consider using the green belts round big cities for extra housing schemes.

In **London** last Sunday about 1,000 people marched from Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square, where a protest meeting was held against the official visit of Señor Castiella, Spain's Foreign Minister, who was due on the following day. Three Labour M.P.s, including Mr. James Griffiths, the former Deputy Leader, headed the demonstration, which also called for an amnesty for political prisoners in Spain and opposed any suggestion that Spain should be admitted to Nato. In Government circles it was understood that this question of admission to Nato was not likely to be raised by Señor Castiella in his talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Spain has her own defence arrangements with the United States and with Portugal. The conversations in Whitehall were expected to be concerned largely with such matters as Gibraltar and Anglo-Spanish trade. Britain, on last year's figures, has an adverse trade balance of £16,000,000 with Spain.

Mental Health Week began throughout Britain last Monday. Until July 16 mental hospitals in many parts of the country are open to visitors, who can see for themselves the advances made in treatment of mental illness, particularly as a result of the new Mental Health Act.

THE UNITED STATES

The Democratic Party met in **Los Angeles** for the national convention to select a candidate for the Presidential election. There were four main contenders from which it was expected the delegates from the fifty states would be asked to choose. A clear majority of 761 votes out of 1,521 was needed on any ballot. The four candidates were: Senator John Kennedy, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, Senator Lyndon Johnson and Senator Stuart Symington.

Senator Kennedy started the convention a clear favourite, having achieved an impressive record in the primaries. A Roman Catholic, he has been Senator for Massachusetts since 1953 and is 43. There have been charges that he is too young for the Presidency, but his likely Republican rival is Vice-President Nixon, who is 46. He has been favoured by the Liberal wing of the Democrats because he has not had the backing of the party machine.

At the White House, in Washington, President Eisenhower received Professor Lovell, director of the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope station near Manchester. Later Dr. Lovell was presented with a miniature of Pioneer V, the solar satellite which the Jodrell Bank staff helped to track for the U.S., by the (American) National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He also received a scroll "in recognition of the unique and valuable contribution made by him and his associates to the space research programme of the United States"

Mr. Stevenson, who is 60, has been twice defeated in Presidential campaigns. Widely favoured outside America, he has the reputation of being an "egghead," or intellectual. He had repeatedly refused to promote his candidacy, but said before the Convention that he would accept a draft.

Senator Johnson, the leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate, is 51. He comes from Texas. (No Southern Democrat has ever been elected President since the Civil War.) He is the most powerful, professional politician in the party, and has wielded immense power in Washington. He entered Congress as a New Dealer, and was regarded as a protégé of President Roosevelt.

Senator Symington has represented Missouri since 1952. He comes from one of the states which traditionally provide a compromise candidate for the Democrats. Aged 59, he is a protégé of Mr. Harry Truman and, with Senator Johnson, is supported by members of the old guard professional politician section of the party. In the days before the Convention opened, they waged a fierce "Stop Kennedy" drive.

As the delegates arrived in Los Angeles, the pattern of foreign events led to calls for a stiffening of American foreign policies. In particular they were concerned with Mr. Khrushchev's speech warning the United States against intervening in Cuba. (He said that the Soviet Union had rockets capable of hitting targets 8,000 miles away, and that the U.S. was not situated at a safe distance from them. Mr. Khrushchev promised full support to Premier Castro.) In **Washington** President Eisenhower made two points in reply: (1) Mr. Khrushchev's speech revealed the close ties that have developed between the Soviet and Cuban Governments. (2) It showed the attempts of international Communism to intervene in the affairs of the western hemisphere. President Eisenhower said that the U.S. was committed to oppose any such intervention.

AUSTRIA

In **Vienna,** Herr Raab, the Chancellor, dissociated himself and his people from the remarks which Mr. Khrushchev had made while on his recent visit to Austria. The Soviet leader vehemently attacked the United States and West Germany: he compared Dr. Adenauer to Hitler. Both powers protested formally to Austria over the attacks. Herr Raab said that the Austrians had made Mr. Khrushchev aware that they disagreed with him. Austria, he went on, owed perpetual thanks to the U.S. for aid in the post-war years and was bound in sincere friendship to West Germany. The Austrian Chancellor devoted a large section of his speech to the point that Austria was in charge of its own policy of neutrality, despite Mr. Khrushchev's views on the subject. He said that 97 per cent. of Austrians rejected the ideas of the party of which Mr. Khrushchev was the "chief exponent."

WEST GERMANY

Controversy on defence continued last week because of the possibility of the Federal Republic acquiring the American Polaris guided missile. This could be fired from West Germany far into Russian territory. Herr Strauss, the Defence Minister, who had recently been in America, was reported as having declared that West Germany would be prepared to consider an offer of the missiles from Nato. It was expected there would be considerable opposition among the West German Socialists to such a proposition, even though their party had only recently voted in favour of full West German participation in the Nato alliance.

IN BRIEF

In **Kenya** the security campaign to round up Kikuyu suspected of administering oaths similar to those of the Mau Mau was continuing early this week. Fifty-two men and women had already been taken into custody... Reports from **Iraq** spoke of growing feeling against the Kassem regime . . . In **Belgrade** while welcoming President Abboud of Sudan on a State Visit, President Tito again called on the uncommitted neutralist countries to band together to seek a solution for the major international problems . . . A strike at two power stations in **London** caused a serious delay in London Transport Executive services last Monday morning. On District and Tube lines the running of trains was very restricted. The strike was unofficial.

MISS JENNIE LEE LEAVES THE CHAPEL AT CROESYCEILIOG AFTER THE CREMATION OF HER HUSBAND

ANEURIN BEVAN AND JENNIE LEE AT THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1934

THE LABOUR VETERAN OF 1958

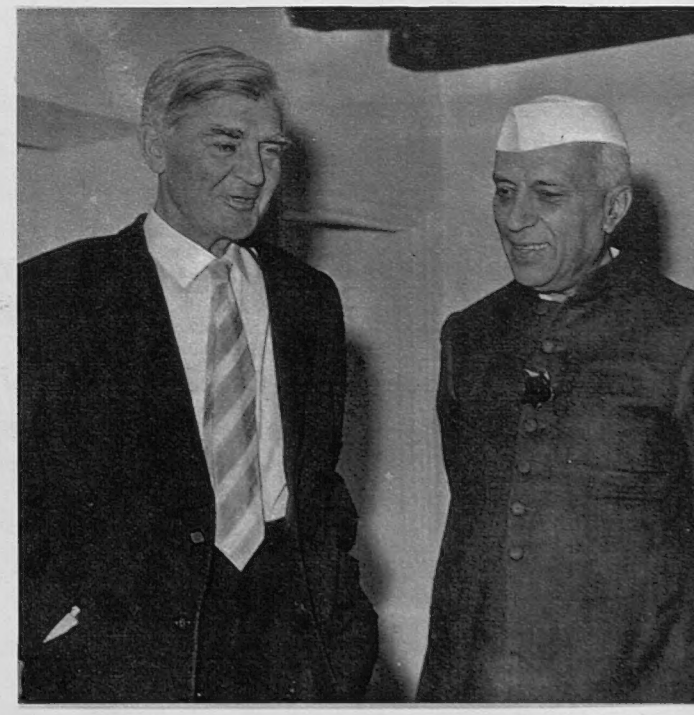
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Aneurin Bevan, one of the dominant figures in the history of the Labour Party and one of the outstanding political speakers of his time, was born at Tredegar in Monmouthshire in 1897. At the age of thirteen he worked in the coal mines and as a young man soon became active in trade union and local politics. In 1929 he was returned as M.P. for Ebbw Vale and held this seat until his death. He married Miss Jennie Lee in 1934. She has been M.P. for Cannock since 1934.

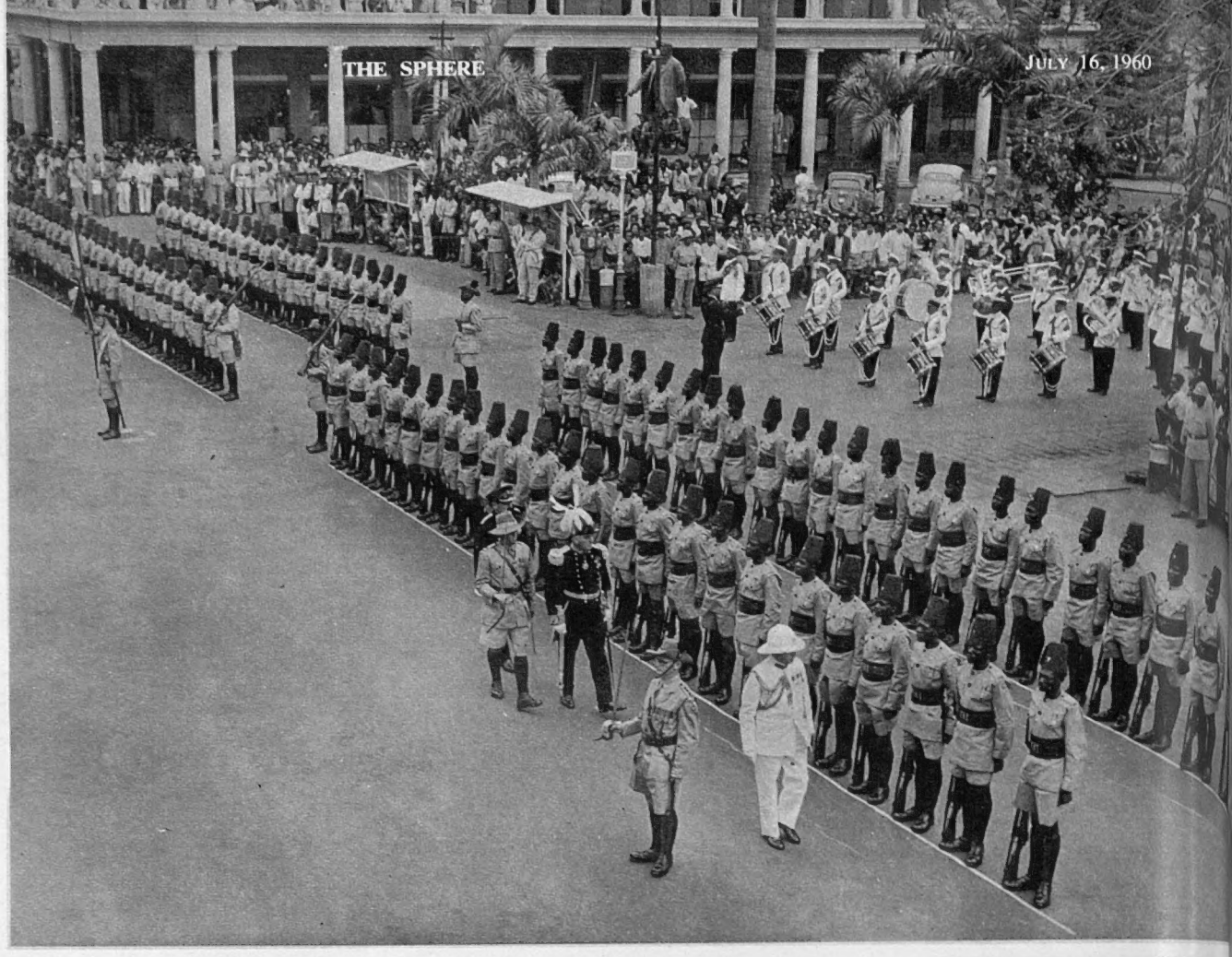
Bevan soon made his mark in the Commons as a speaker and showed himself to be well to the left in the Labour movement. His association with Sir Stafford Cripps in the "United Front" movement led to him being expelled from the party in 1939. He was received back nine months later. During the war he was one of the curiously assorted band of members who constituted a kind of unofficial opposition to the Churchill regime.

In the Attlee administration of 1945 Bevan became Minister of Health and Housing and as the man responsible for the sweeping new Health Act he was soon one of the most controversial figures in the country. In 1950 he transferred to the Ministry of Labour but soon caused a sensation by resigning because of cuts being made in the Health scheme by the then Chancellor, Mr. Gaitskell. So began the long years of "Bevanism" when Bevan was the accepted leader of the Labour left-wing. However, with the retirement of Mr. Attlee in 1955, there came a gradual change. Although defeated by Gaitskell for the leadership, Bevan became his chief lieutenant and Deputy Leader and enraged his more radical followers by supporting Gaitskell against unilateral nuclear disarmament. He was Labour "Shadow Foreign Secretary." He had a major operation last February. He had two relapses, from the second of which he did not recover.

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH IN 1949
Right: THE BEVANITE LEADER IN 1952

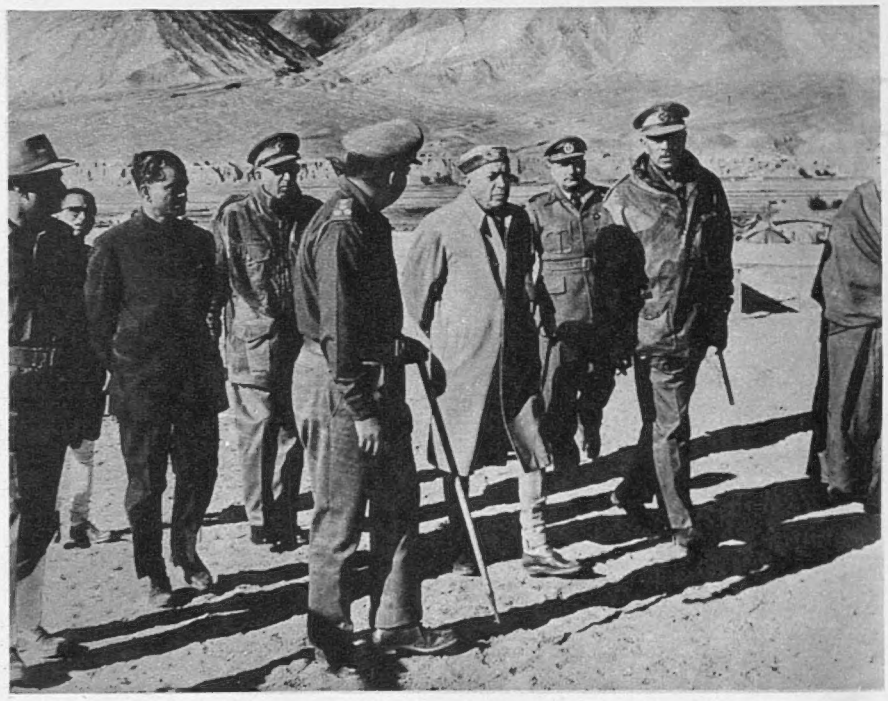


MAY 1960. MR. NEHRU VISITS MR. BEVAN AT HIS BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FARM



Sir Robert Scott, a former Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius, inspects the guard of honour of the 2nd/6th Battalion, the King's African Rifles at the opening of the sixth session of the Second Legislative Council, at Port Louis, the capital. Shortly afterwards, the unit, the last of the garrison, left the island. The garrison has been withdrawn after serving in the colony for 150 years, and its duties have been taken over by a newly-formed, and locally enrolled, Special Mobile Force. The garrison assisted in the formation of this force. Many famous regiments, and many famous people, have served on Mauritius. In the last century, General Gordon, then a colonel, was a Garrison Commander

FAREWELL TO MAURITIUS AFTER 150 YEARS



The Indian Prime Minister is seen soon after his arrival by air in Leh, the capital of Ladakh. With him are General Thimayya, (on the right) Indian Chief of Staff and other senior officers. Mr. Nehru inspected a number of forward posts on the Ladakh border with Tibet. Speaking in Leh, he declared that adequate arrangements had been made to combat any new dangers to the frontier. The troops in Ladakh were there to protect all of India

MR. NEHRU ON THE TIBETAN FRONTIER

Far right: During a visit to a Tibetan refugee camp in Dalhousie, at the foot of the Himalayas, in north India, the Dalai Lama (*right*) sits with Kalyan Singh Gupta, the Secretary of the Tibetan Refugee Relief Committee. The religious leader of Tibet, who fled from Lhasa in April 1959, is now living in exile at Dharanshalla

A REFUGEE IN INDIA

King Mohamed V of Morocco lays a cornerstone for a block of buildings in the new city of Agadir. On his right is Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, who is in charge of the reconstruction programme required after the earthquake of last February, the worst ever recorded in Africa. Much of the town in southern Morocco was totally destroyed and 12,000 lives lost. New Agadir will be inaugurated next March

BUILDING THE NEW CITY OF AGADIR

Far right: Prince Norodom Sihanouk speaks in Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia. The Prince has recently been elected Head of State by the National Assembly. The Prince was King of Cambodia from 1941 to 1955, when he abdicated in favour of his father, Norodom Suramarit, who died last April. The Prince was then Prime Minister but he resigned office soon afterwards

CAMBODIA'S LEADER

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The continual arguments over modern art can be heard every day at the Tate Gallery in London from the lips of the crowds of people thronging the vast Picasso exhibition, which opened last week. The catch-words range from "gibberish" to "genius," as they always have done throughout Picasso's life. But the long-awaited retrospective exhibition of 269 paintings, the most impressive one-man show held in London this century, is giving everybody a chance to see the works which have aroused such violent emotions and which have completely altered the course of all the visual arts of the twentieth century. The exhibition is open every day until 8 p.m. until September 18. Its theme is not only the technical innovations of each period of Picasso's life, but the continuity of theme and vision. In 1895 in Corunna, Pablo Picasso painted, at the age of fourteen, "Girl With Bare Feet." Technically assured and restrained, it shows a tenderness which has persisted throughout the artist's life. Picasso, still painting, will be 80 in October

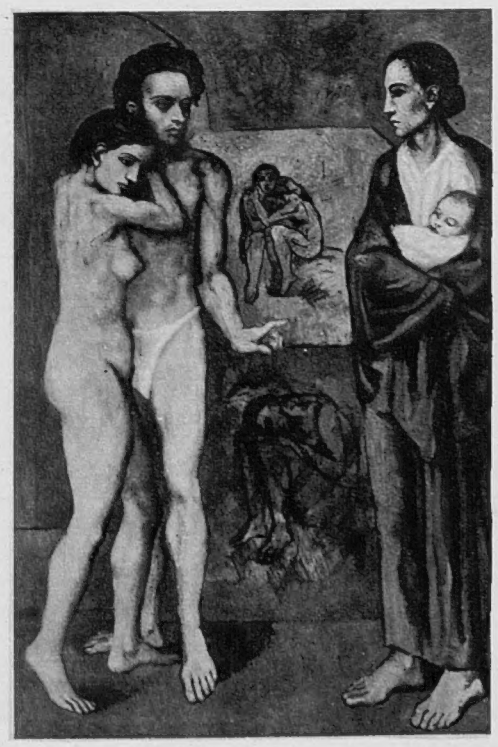
From Spain, Picasso went to Paris at the beginning of the century. He lived in great poverty and an air of melancholy pervades his portraits of the vagabonds of the streets. "La Vie," painted in 1903, with its themes of disillusionment and maternity, is one of the most important paintings of this Blue Period. In 1906-7, he painted "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," a study of five women, two of them, with disturbing faces showing the influence of primitive African masks. Picasso's friends were horrified by the picture and for many years the canvas remained rolled up. But its influence was immense: it might be called the first Cubist painting. From this point, Picasso's life was one of increasing experimentation in which he broke away from previous tradition. He said: "I paint objects as I think them, not as I see them": his object was conceptual rather than visual, and the technique was to express three-dimensional forms on a two-dimensional surface. Picasso's interest in technique still remains. In 1957, for instance, he produced a series of forty-four variations on Velasquez's painting "Las Meninas," a vivid and witty analysis

The other preoccupation of Picasso has been his belief that art is a means of emotional expression. In the years before the Second World War, after the sometimes arid period of cubism, he began a period of distortion of the human form to create a violent nightmare world. His horror of war found expression in the canvas of "Guernica" protesting against the Spanish Civil War, and again in 1945 with "The Charnel House," a picture of barbarity and agonised silence. Picasso's life has been a voyage of discovery, his immense technical resources harnessed to express emotional extremes

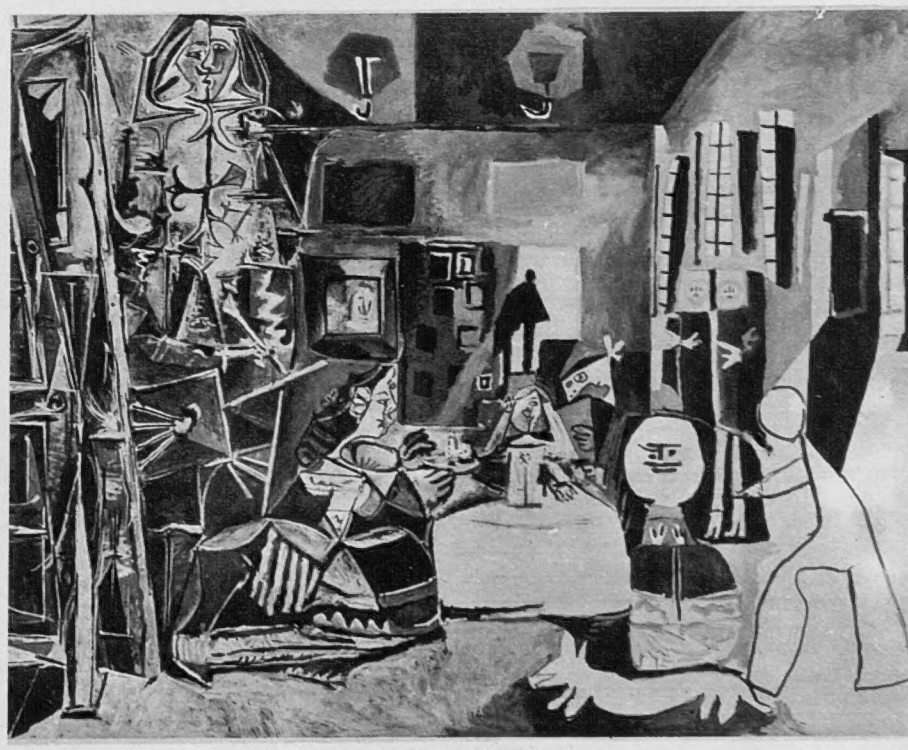
PICASSO AT THE TATE GALLERY: DROP CURTAIN FOR "PARADE"—1917

"GIRL WITH BARE FEET"—1895

"THE CHARNEL HOUSE"—1945

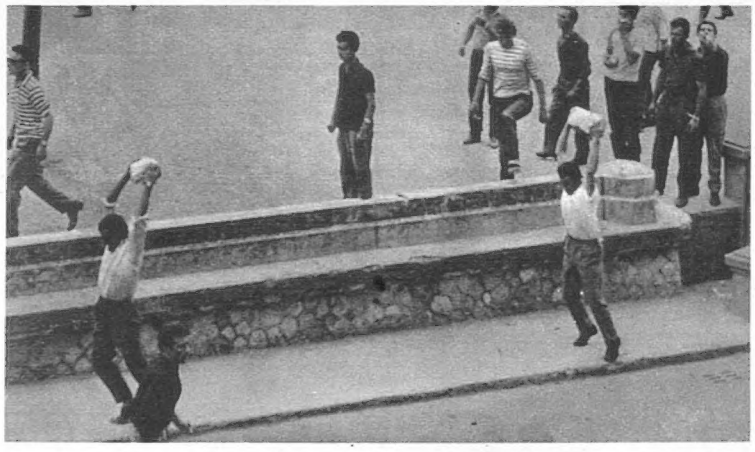


"LA VIE"—BLUE PERIOD, 1903



"LAS MENINAS"—ONE OF A SERIES PAINTED IN 1957

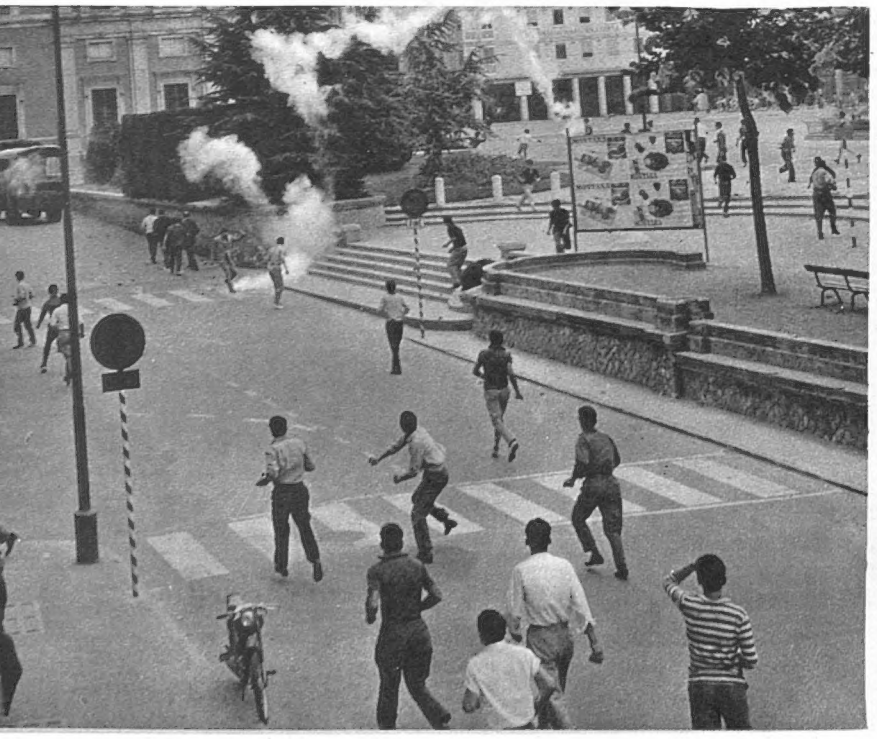
At Porta San Paola in Rome, mounted police charge demonstrators during a clash between Neo-Fascists and Left-wing supporters



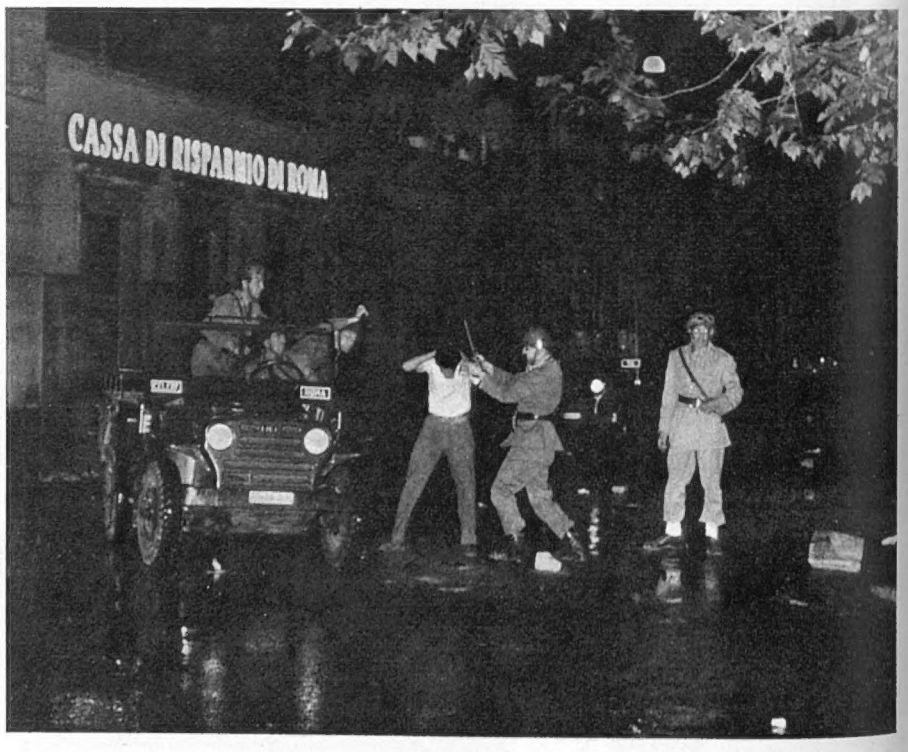
Demonstrators in Reggio Emilia, in the north of Italy

RIOTING IN ITALY

Throughout Italy last week, there were demonstrations and riots involving Neo-Fascists and Left-wing supporters. The trouble started when the Prefect of Genoa refused to allow the Neo-Fascist congress to be held in the city after a week of rioting. (Genoa is strongly anti-Fascist.) There were incidents in many places in northern Italy and in Rome and Sicily: during the week ten people were killed and several hundred injured. The root of the strife was the difficulty of creating a stable government out of the many dissident parliamentary parties. The largest party is the Christian Democrats, but they have not quite an overall majority and to maintain a government are therefore dependent on support from at least one other party. Last February the Liberals withdrew their backing from Signor Segni's Cabinet, on the grounds it was leaning too much to the Left wing. After several weeks of crisis, Signor Tambroni formed a Ministry, dependent on Neo-Fascist support. This led the Neo-Fascists to attempt to hold their Genoa congress, with the resulting disorders. Early this week the signs were that the Christian Democrats would seek other allies so that Italy could have a stable government during the Olympic Games.



At Reggio Emilia, young demonstrators attack police with stones



In Rome, one of the rioters is arrested by armed police

At a landing stage at Leopoldville, European refugees are turned back from the ferry across the Congo River to Brazzaville in French Congo

Mr. Lumumba and M. van der Bosch, the Belgian Ambassador

Lieut.-Gen. Emil Janssens, the former Army chief

CONGO BLOODSHED

A wave of anti-Belgian feeling swept the country, after the celebrations of independence. The situation became chaotic, when the Congolese Army, the Force Publique, mutinied and demanded the removal of all its white officers. Fighting, looting and bloodshed broke out in many places and there were reports that white women had been raped. About 1,000 people, mainly women and children, had been flown home to Belgium by the beginning of this week, and many thousands of refugees were stated to be crossing the borders at various points, seeking safety in Uganda, Northern Rhodesia, Angola, and the French Congo. After a long series of tense negotiations between rebel Army leaders and Mr. Kasavubu, the President, and Mr. Lumumba, the Prime Minister of the Congo, the Army achieved its aim of being commanded only by Congolese. An ex-sergeant major was promoted general and commander-in-chief. The former Belgian Commander-in-Chief of the Force Publique, Lieutenant-General Janssens, had resigned earlier, after, it was reported, a disagreement with Mr. Lumumba. Despite the truce between Army leaders and the Government, rioting continued. In Matadi, the principal port, mutineers were reported to have attacked Europeans at the beginning of this week.

Belgian troops embarked to fly to the Congo from Brussels

The first plane-load of refugees from the Congo arrives at Brussels airport

JOHN CONNELL

THE CHIP ON THE SHOULDER

In international relations nowadays there are enormous advantages in being small, weak, headstrong and intransigently nationalist. If you have lately undergone a ruthless internal revolution, whose purpose was to destroy a corrupt and inefficient dictatorship, you are obviously heading for the top league of troublemakers. The last, oddest and most ironic factor in your destiny is to occupy a piece of the earth's surface which is of considerable strategic significance. Then your chances of making a supreme nuisance of yourself, at little or no risk of retribution from the great nations whose tails you twist, are quite overwhelming.

Cuba fulfils every one of the requirements which I have enumerated. Her revolutionary Government, led by Fidel Castro, has been in power for eighteen months, has been steadily enhancing its own nuisance value, and is now the cause and focus of an international crisis, which is complex, embarrassing and quite artificial—in the sense that if the Cubans had pursued logical, consistent and predictable policies, it need never have occurred at all. The similarity of the Cuban crisis to others in recent years, in other parts of the world—Persia, for example, Egypt and Iraq—is very marked. Of those earlier crises Great Britain was the principal victim; it is now the United States' turn. The British temptation (to which I am as subject as anyone else) to indulge in a display of *Schadenfreude* every time any mishap befalls the Americans, must be sternly resisted. But it is possible, I think, to point the moral without being recriminatory or spiteful.

For the truth of the matter is that—just as did Mossadeq, Nasser and Kassem—Castro has put the West in a pickle. Why did none of us see him coming? The answer, I fear, is melancholy. Both the Americans and ourselves, at the supposedly " well-informed " level, the level of the diplomats, the senior newspaper correspondents and the higher executives of big business, are always ignorant of the political and social forces that are stirring in small, weak but strategically or economically important countries with whom we are in a close but unevenly balanced relationship. These people, who are the principal representatives of our countries, swan around in agreeable, superficially very placid but perilously restricted waters. Neither in their work nor in their leisure do they get out into the full, muddy swirling stream of national life. They never make the acquaintance of the angry young men—and I mean those who really burn with social sympathy and indignation, with patriotic wrath at the snubs and humiliations inflicted on their country, and with a sincere conviction that they themselves are destined to be the big bosses; I do not mean the local equivalents of the shabby, snivelling, self-pitying tosspots who, in England, have most inappropriately arrogated this title to themselves.

Premier Castro of Cuba

President Nasser of the U.A.R.

Premier Kassem of Iraq

The ordinary senior British or American representative in Latin America as in the Middle East leads an extremely narrow and inhibited existence; he knows (or thinks he knows) his house servants, his locally-recruited subordinates in his office, and all the right people, who so frequently prove, in the end, to have been disastrously the wrong people. He is painfully and profoundly ignorant. When he and his ignorance have been pitifully exposed, the one available expert usually turns out to be a scruffy, wild-eyed, socially impossible " professor " or teacher of art or English, who has a taste for the local liquor, smells of garlic, and has gone native—obviously a completely untrustworthy and irresponsible fellow, but he is married to the elder sister of the young captain who, at dawn one morning, will stand at the ousted dictator's bedside, telling him he has five minutes to dress and say his prayers.

Fidel Castro—he will be thirty-four years old next month—follows very closely the pattern of the contemporary middle-class nationalist revolutionary leader. When he was reported at a crucial moment in his career to have cried: " Condemn me ! It doesn't matter ! History will absolve me !" one realised, with sinking heart, oh dear, here we go again.

In June 1945, when the rest of the world was busy about matters which seemed then of some importance, a tall thin youth, not quite nineteen years of age, passed out of a Jesuit-run high school in Havana. His final report (it was entered in the College's year book) read as follows:

" 1942-45. Fidel distinguished himself always in all subjects related to letters. His record was one of excellence, he was a true athlete, always defending with bravery and pride the flag of the school. He has known how to win the admiration and affection of all. He will make law his career and we do not doubt that he will fill with brilliant pages the book of his life. He has good timber and the actor in him will not be lacking."

The translation may be a trifle quaint, but it is impossible not to admire the shrewdness and foresight of the anonymous Jesuit father who wrote that little encomium.

Shortly after Castro seized power he was asked whether he was friendly to the United States. The translator of his reply (which I cannot refrain from giving *verbatim*) was obviously a direct descendant of Mrs. Malaprop. Nevertheless, the meaning comes through: it is Nasser's reason, it is Kassem's reason, it is the reason of every hurt, chip-on-the-shoulder nationalist, who has felt that the big, beastly foreigner has shoved him around in his own land:

" No, we want to be friends of the United States, but we are a sovereign nation. We have historically been victims of odorous interventions of the United States in our country. There always was in the early years a movement for annexation current in the United States. We have nothing against the United States, and we do not wish to see our sugar quota jeopardised in any way because that is our economic life blood."

Students of the comparative ecology of nationalist movements in small, weak countries may find it useful to put this statement alongside a passage in Colonel Nasser's tremendous oration in Liberation Square, in Alexandria, on the night of July 26, 1956, announcing the "nationalisation" of the Suez Canal Company:

"The Suez Canal . . . was a source of exploitation and extortion. It is no shame to be poor and to strive to build one's country. What is shameful, however, is to suck blood. They sucked our blood, and stole our rights. As we build the edifice of grandeur, freedom and dignity we feel that it can never be built or become complete unless we demolish the façades of oppression, humiliation and degradation. The Suez Canal was one of those façades."

This kind of revolution is always the consequence of two impulses—a burning desire to do away with domestic tyranny and corruption, and an intense sour dislike for foreigners in any position of authority or influence, who are at once identified with the regime which is to be destroyed. The first aim accomplished, it becomes politically and psychologically essential to sustain the revolution's dynamic by breaking long-established external connections, whether diplomatic, military or commercial, and breaking them with as much melodramatic pseudo-brutality as possible.

It is at this point that the Russians (and/or the Chinese) walk in, all smiles and loaded up with gifts. " Colonel Nasser, you want guns, tanks and submarines to beat the living daylights out of Israel, the pawn of the imperialists? All yours, on note of hand alone." " Doctor Castro, so you need a good deal of oil and you must sell a lot of sugar? Our tankers are hastening to your succour across the broad Atlantic, and a mission will be with you in a trice to negotiate as cosy a purchase agreement as possible for your sugar."

When the Suez crisis arose Washington could afford a certain lofty detachment; but Cuba is less than a hundred miles from the coast of the United States. The idea of the establishment, even if temporarily, of a Soviet bridgehead on the island is not a pleasant one. Therefore early last week the sugar quota sanction was invoked; Castro responded as Nasser responded, with the " legalised " confiscation of all American property, and renewed and shriller defiance. This is the result of the chip on the shoulder, of a neurosis given full rein. Three years ago, in a study of the Suez crisis, I wrote some sentences which I believe to be exactly applicable to the Cuban crisis. I should like to think that some day someone in authority will take note of what seems to me, in my boastful way, to be plain horse sense:

" Civilised societies may, and must, be tolerant of political neuroticism, but they cannot—if they are themselves to survive—imperil their own existence by subordinating their legitimate, sane and practical interests and responsibilities to it. The weak and the immature cannot be allowed to bring the world down in ruins because they feel hurt, greedy and resentful."

That is the real danger of the Nassers and Castros in a world political situation as delicate and as dangerous as ours is now.

Paying his first visit to the British Army camp at Famagusta, in Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios studies a map of the area. On the left, looking over his shoulder, is Mr. Julian Amery, the Colonial Under-Secretary. Last week, at the end of months of protracted and chequered negotiations, the Cyprus Treaty and other agreements on British bases on the island were initialled at Government House, in Nicosia. Mr. Amery signed for Britain, Archbishop Makarios for the Greek Cypriots, and Dr. Kutchuk for the Turkish Cypriots. Elections to the House of Representatives, the Parliament of the future independent Cyprus Republic, will take place on July 31. Polling for the two communal Chambers—one Greek and one Turkish—provided for under the Zurich Agreement, will take place on August 7. Archbishop Makarios said that he hoped that the date for independence would be mid-August. Cypriot leaders have already stated that they wanted the republic to remain inside the Commonwealth.

The major points of the agreement are as follows: (1) Financial assistance by Britain will amount to £12,000,000 in the first five-year period, plus extra commitments amounting to a further £2,340,000. (2) The area of the military bases over which Britain will retain sovereignty will be 99 square miles. (3) The sovereignty of the bases would be transferred to the Republic of Cyprus, should Britain relinquish them. It was expected that the documents of the agreement would be published in a White Paper, running to about 250 pages.

NEW MAP OF CYPRUS

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The restored Octagon Room at Flamsteed House, part of the old Royal Observatory at Greenwich, was opened by the Queen last week as an annexe to the National Maritime Museum. This room contains a sextant (left), an orrery and a telescope made of wood

Mr. Macmillan greeted President Frondizi of Argentina on his arrival at Victoria Station, in London, last week. The President was on a four-day official visit. During his stay Dr. Frondizi spoke to members of both Houses of Parliament

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

ANOTHER FUTILE STRIKE. The nine-day strike at Merseyside was damaging to every interest concerned and to the nation at large: 12,000 dockers and 120 ships lay idle, the men lost their pay, the shippers lost millions, the nation's trade was incalculably damaged. When the strikers overwhelmingly decided on a return to work on June 29, the strike had brought them absolutely no advantage in return for their loss of pay and a heavy blow at the stability of their means of livelihood. Once more, the men had been led down the garden-path by agitators. I am reminded of the " tanner an hour " dock strike of 1888. Then, as now, the issue was pay and conditions of labour. Into this struggle, in the early days of his career, rushed Sydney Holland (Lord Knutsford) almost by chance and apparently in sympathy with the strikers, whose champions were John Burns, Tom Mann and Ben Tillett, bitter haters of capitalism. Holland had recently inherited some shares in a dock company and had been investigating the finances of these " capitalist " organisations, and so persuasively did he present the true picture of their balance sheets that he was almost able to convince the men that even an extra penny-an-hour concession at that time was beyond the employers' means. By his courageous and very frank pamphlets addressed to the men, he gained the admiration of their three champions. He told the strikers: " Because you had not played fair with your employers, because you listened to every baseless rumour of rapacity and injustice on the part of employers, the Union of Dock Companies and Wharfingers became necessary, and thus you men, by listening to agitators, lost your tooth." Since then dock strikes, always infinitely damaging to all concerned, have recurred with sickening frequency, some justified, some purely mischievous and futile. The men certainly did not long remain without teeth. The present conditions of dock labour are good evidence of that. All indeed is changed since 1888, save only the pernicious influence of agitators and their " baseless rumours " on the vacant, impressionable minds of mass meetings of men who acknowledge no discipline.

THE RULE OF LAW. We must not in Britain be too " holier than thou " about the Rule of Law. For the international body of wizards who consider crime and delinquency in a big way have singled out little Britain as assured of the championship in juvenile delinquency, and promise us that soon enough juvenile delinquents will form a handsome percentage of our youth. But juvenile delinquency is one thing; robbery by civilised Governments another. And the latter sets a very bad example to the youth of the world. The taking over of the foreign oil companies in Cuba is an example. These companies have a stake in Cuba which they can hardly abandon without a struggle. But the game of economic reprisal needs, like cricket, some basic rules. The bowler is not expected to throw. But if the cutting of the sugar quota as a reprisal is followed by the counter-reprisal of taking over the sugar installations also, the game is hardly worth playing. Among the great Western powers, the idea has grown up that a degree of " peace " and the rule of law can be bought if there is willingness to pay through the nose for it. Cyprus, for instance. But even that depends on both sides honouring the bargain, however hard, however easy. Castro's cricket is not the M.C.C. type and he is a man very difficult for the more conventional types of batsmen to face, when international umpires have no authority and the sanction of world opinion no force. There seems no course open to the U.S.A. but to wait and see whether " throwing " gets wickets or empties the stands in Havana. These things are all a matter of money.

ST. GRIFFIN. There were all sorts of unpleasant possibilities anticipated before the South African cricketers began their tour, but the martyrdom of St. Griffin was not among the probables, and no one prophesied that it would steal the show. The saint himself has proved saintly. He went to the stake with a dignity and cheerfulness Master Ridley might have envied, and as the tormentors applied lighted torch after torch, St. Griffin came out the noblest figure on the scene. When at Lord's they staged an exhibition match to amuse the Queen (who was not reported as saying " we are not amused "), the tormentors redoubled their efforts in their righteous zeal for the Laws of Cricket; and now Griffin is just a saint awaiting the allocation of a name day. Certainly there is anxiety among cricket-lovers lest the great game, as played at the top, is falling, if not into disrepute, at least into the doldrums of boredom. And while Sir Donald and the rest of the Commonwealth wise men of cricket meet to decide these fearful questions of " throwing and drag," I hope they will manage to see the wood for the trees. If tampering with the rules is found necessary, they will be wise so to tamper as to bring back some liveliness and spirit to the top-notch game. I am not sure that any man can throw a cricket-ball with more deadly effect than he can bowl it, drag or no; it might be better to concentrate on pains and penalties against players who slow the game up. They might restrict the bowler's run to 10 yards, make heavy penalties for the side achieving less than 45 runs per hour or bowling less than so many overs in an hour, and ration the rubbing of the ball on the persons of the fielding side. After all, even Test cricket cannot long survive half-empty stands.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are with President Frondizi and his wife at Buckingham Palace after a dinner given in honour of the President on the first day of his visit. Earlier, the Queen invested Dr. Frondizi as an honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, with Collar

LADIES' BATTLE. I wish Mrs. Lambert Chambers could have seen the women's semi-finals at Wimbledon in this great meeting of giants and amazons, perhaps the last of its kind. I have seen many great matches at Wimbledon in my time but none which evoked such admiration and so many thrills as the defeats of our two star girls by Miss Reynolds and Miss Bueno. Physically the opponents were so curiously different, Springbok and panther against typically British examples of courage and stamina in the animal creation. As in the Wightman Cup, our girls " did not know when they were beaten," but, alas ! beaten they were this time. But it was a far more nicely run thing than the scoreboard suggests in one of the matches. More than once, a single shot, a matter of an inch, could have changed the face of the match. How would Mlle Lenglen have fared with Miss Bueno? Neville Lytton had some hard things to say of Lenglen's " will to win." She was perhaps less susceptible to nerves than Bueno. What *is* the secret of this perpetually increasing proficiency in sports among men and women? Quite certainly the *average* tennis proficiency among the ladies is still increasing. Not practice. Lenglen devoted her life to practice, but I doubt if she exceeded the *certainty* in ground stroke play of Miss Bueno at the top of her game. With the star girls, their percentage of error is found in serving, and not all of them attain the same deadliness in a first service. But in stroke play, everyone of them, delicate or tough-looking, hits as hard as a horse kicks. I doubt if diet plays any part in it, or the groundsman's skill. Stimulants such as glucose? It is a mystery to me. Lenglen shed as many clothes as she thought desirable. She invented her own utility costumes with matching bandeaux. Mrs. Lambert Chambers, of course, was sorely handicapped (" a cloud of petticoats ") by the dress conventions of her day. But I can hardly believe that the " higher the fewer " is the secret (the fewer the clothes, the higher the proficiency). If so, where do we go from here? Bikini or nudist? The last would, at any rate, avoid stops for " dress maladjustments."

PARROT-CRIES. It is the modern habit of politicians and journalists to run words and phrases to death, like a parrot repeating " pieces of eight " *ad nauseam*, until one wants to strangle the bird and put its phrase on the *Index Expurgatorius*. So it was with " the many and the few," " never had it so good "; so it now is with " the wind of change," " peaceful coexistence," " nuclear deterrent," and (oh, my word!) " homosexual " and " consenting adult." I suppose the Press and the radio are " too much with us late and soon." But the politicians are the worst, and some of them, being very highly-educated men, with least excuse. By falling into catchwords, they give us the impression that they have no time or desire to think for themselves and fall back on jingles and parrot-cries. One of the reasons why I have come to feel the absence from public life of Nye Bevan so deeply in recent months is that he was never a jingler or a parrot. Long ago I resented his rudeness in polemics. But no one could ever have called him dull. For he was a born orator and they are rare. Born orators avoid the use of other men's flowers or weeds and know how to coin new phrases to suit each occasion. Most of our politicians are about as stimulating as a twelve-year-old reciting " The Schooner Hesperus."

DICKENS AND CREEVEY. In none of his novels did Dickens range more widely in search of absurd names for his characters than in *Nicholas Nickleby*. My friend, Mr. Roger Fulford, who was re-reading that work during a holiday in Spain, suggests to me that it was Thomas Creevey who found Dickens his " Miss La Creevy." I think it likely. Dickens must have been hard at work on *Nickleby*, published in 1839, at the time of Creevey's death in February 1838. His death evoked some excitement in the Press on the score of sensational revelations anticipated from a diary he was supposed to have kept, and interest in his curious name revived for a few days. It is more than likely that the absurd name of Miss La Creevy was derived from the notice of Creevey's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was, anyway, a rare surname and had been freely bandied about in political circles until Creevey's retirement from politics five years before his death. There were no relations bearing his name whose " feelings " needed to be considered, and I think it certain that it stuck in Dickens' mind, and produced " Miss La Creevy."

THE OLD STAGER

Oliver Twist is played by thirteen-year-old Keith Hamshere

Mr. Brownlow (George Bishop), the Artful Dodger (Martin Horsey) and Oliver

Fagin (Ron Moody), with the assistance of the Artful Dodger, shows Oliver how to pick pockets

ENTERTAINMENT

OLIVER!

at the New Theatre

There are all the signs that a minor theatrical revolution is now well under way on the London stage. For some years the critics have been raising a cry of " where is the true English musical? " And as each Broadway success, from *Oklahoma!* onwards, has arrived to run for years in London, this *cri de cœur* has become even more heartfelt. But now, Mr. Macmillan's winds of change are sweeping through the theatre, the prevailing direction being from East London and Miss Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal. The latest English musical to arrive is *Oliver!* at the New Theatre, with book, lyrics and music by Lionel Bart, an alumnus of Miss Littlewood's school. On its opening night it received a thunderous ovation and fourteen curtain calls. Mr. Bart was responsible for the music of *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be* and his new work has the same kind of exuberant and earthy vitality.

It is still too early to say whether this is going to be the pattern in years to come. After all, Julian Slade's charming and melodic musicals continue to enjoy long runs. In the new tradition, the plots are taken from low life and *Oliver Twist*, set in the raucous, smoking nineteenth-century London of thieves' kitchens, poor-houses and undertakers, provides the right frame-work. The musical version follows Dickens with care; and the variety of episodes is made possible by an ingenious setting by Sean Kenny. The designer has created the world of nineteenth-century London by means of swinging wooden beams, which enclose the boys in their workhouse, suggest the furtive secrecy of the thieves' kitchen, and finally swing into place to make London Bridge, its lights shining on Nancy bringing back Oliver, only to be caught by Bill Sikes.

By tradition, children always steal the show, and the boys in *Oliver!* are no exception. The long main part is played by Keith Hamshere with sincerity, and Martin Horsey, in the engaging role of the Artful Dodger, has become a favourite with the audiences. But the grown-ups are by no means overshadowed. Ron Moody gives an inventive and humorous portrait of Fagin and Georgia Brown a striking portrait of Nancy.

In the thieves' kitchen, Georgia Brown as Nancy sings "Oom Pah-Pah"

Below : Oliver asks for more to the horror of Mr. Bumble (Paul Whitsun-Jones)

Georgia Brown and Keith Hamshere sing "I'd do anything"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

The future of land titles in Kenya was the subject of discussions in London last week. Mr. W. B. Havelock, the Kenya Minister for Lands, who had talks with Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, said before leaving to return to Nairobi: "The situation is comparatively serious. But I have proposals which I think will be very satisfactory. There will be a debate in our Legislative Council, probably on July 19, and I hope to make arrangements which will go some way to easing the feeling of insecurity some people have." Mr. Havelock said the Government was taking the matter of land titles very seriously and recognised that they must be secured.

Another visitor from Kenya in London was Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, the former Speaker of the Kenya Legislative Council. He was heading an unofficial delegation and gave his opinion that the land titles were "almost gone." Sir Ferdinand, too, had talks with Mr. Macleod.

Commonwealth students in London are among those taking advantage of study visits and week-end courses arranged by the British Council for overseas students this summer. At a low cost, they are able to see many places of literary, historical or industrial interest within easy reach of the capital. Some are going to Stratford-upon-Avon for the Shakespeare season and others are to go to Broadstairs for the Dickens Festival. Arrangements have been made for parties to have courses in naval history at Portsmouth and to observe work in a coalmine near Deal, in Kent.

AUSTRALIA

Defining Australia's policy for the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants of Papua-New Guinea, the Minister for Territories, Mr. Paul Hasluck, has emphasized that "as soon as any group of people shows the first glimmer of interest in running their own affairs it is to be encouraged and assisted to do so."

Mr. Hasluck's definition was made in the course of an official statement in Canberra on June 27 prompted by a United Nations Trusteeship Council resolution which invited Australia to formulate early targets in various fields of development in Australian-administered New Guinea to achieve self-government or independence.

The Minister said: "Our experience—supported by every Power that has encountered similar problems—is that social and economic advancement necessarily lead to political advancement but that political change is not necessarily followed with social and economic improvement. Hence we have based our policy on major efforts to establish law and order, health, hygiene, education, a better food supply and means of earning a living among a people who are still largely primitive.

"We want political advancement to go hand in hand with these measures and not in isolation from them. This is a difference of method not of purpose, and our method has been vindicated by this remarkable transformation of hundreds of thousands of people in the past ten years from primitive savagery and fear.

"We have concentrated on:

training in the handling of affairs by democratically-elected local government councils;

training in economic affairs both through co-operative societies and group and individual enterprise;

training in public administration through membership of the public service;

participation with Europeans in membership of councils and boards of various kinds.

"These methods have brought us to a stage where the people are ready for further political advancement and we have proposals for reform. There have been three nominated native members of the Legislative Council since the inauguration of the Council in 1951. Effective membership of a legislative council requires some knowledge of how a law-making body works and capacity to take an independent part in debate. Effective representation requires that members are chosen by the people and not nominated. A sham democracy helps none and deceives many.

"As a result of the progress of local government councils, the Government believes that direct representation on the Legislative Council can now be a reality for a substantial section of the population.

"Our proposals include:

An increase in the non-official membership of the Legislative Council;

Direct representation of that large section of the indigenous population who are covered by local government councils and are familiar with the processes of choosing members;

Other forms of native representation of those people who are still living in wholly primitive conditions;

Increased representation of those inhabitants of the territory who qualify for admission to the normal electoral rolls.

"Unfortunately, the introduction of these proposals has been delayed by reason of the fact that the validity of the existence of the Legislative Council is under legal challenge in the High Court, and until that question is determined, the reforms to the Legislative Council cannot be introduced. We are confident that as a result of the policies and methods pursued in the past, the next step forward in political advancement will be of immediate benefit to the people. The one test to apply in all these matters is what happens to the people concerned, not what happens to a theory in political advancement.

"We would rather," Mr. Hasluck declared, "take each step too soon than too late, but we see no kindness in making human beings walk over cliffs in the dark."

Assuming that the High Court decision upheld the validity of the Legislative Council, the Minister added that legislation would be ready this year for the political reforms outlined. It would only be guessing to say when and in what precise manner other political changes would follow. That was something that, in the true sense of the Charter, also depended on what the inhabitants of the territory themselves wanted.

CEYLON

While development planning in Ceylon places a strong emphasis on the need for diversifying the island's economy, now heavily dependent on a few agricultural crops, the Government is at the same time taking effective measures to intensify production in the plantation sector. Chief of these measures are replanting and rehabilitation programmes launched by the Government for the three important plantation industries—tea, rubber and coconut, which together account for 95 per cent. of Ceylon's export earnings. Under these programmes, designed to expand output on existing plantations, the State grants generous subsidies to plantation owners.

Ceylon is the second largest producer of tea in the world, and tea is Ceylon's major plantation crop. Ceylon's tea estates now yield an average of 700 lb. of tea per acre per year. The island's Tea Research Institute has, however, developed new varieties of tea which yield over 2,000 lb. per acre.

A Tea Replanting Subsidy Scheme was launched last year to induce plantation owners to replace the older, worn-out tea plants with the new high-yielding varieties. Before this scheme was introduced practically no replanting was undertaken, due to the high capital costs involved. Under this scheme, plantation owners who replant qualify for the subsidy of nearly £200 per acre. It is envisaged that by 1968, 50,000 acres of tea will be replanted under this scheme.

Plantations of over 100 acres each are eligible for this subsidy. Smaller estates come under a rehabilitation programme under which a subsidy of £50 per acre is paid for supplying vacancies on the land, soil conservation measures and the use of fertilisers. This scheme, it is planned, will help in the rehabilitation of 60,000 acres by 1968.

The total investment called for by the two schemes for the period 1959-1968 is estimated in Ceylon's Ten-Year Plan at £15,000,000. The Government subsidy will account for 59 per cent. of this expenditure. These two schemes are expected to step up Ceylon's output of tea by over one-fifth. Last year Ceylon produced 413,000,000 lb. of tea and 395,000,000 lb. were exported. In 1968 Ceylon's tea production, it is anticipated, will pass the 500,000,000 lb. mark.

MALAYA

The Governor of the Central Bank, Bank Negara Tanah Melayu, announced in Kuala Lumpur on June 28 that as from July 1, 1960, the Commercial Bank in the Federation of Malaya would raise their minimum lending rate from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. per annum and that, effective forthwith, the maximum rate of interest payable by banks on fixed deposits would be increased to 4 per cent. per annum. The Governor recalled that when the United Kingdom Bank Rate was increased from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. on January 21, 1960, members of the Exchange Banks Association of the Federation of Malaya, in consultation with the Central Bank, had agreed that no immediate alteration would be made to existing rates of interest on money deposited with or lent by member banks of the Association, but that the position would be reviewed at a later date if necessary.

The further increase in the United Kingdom Bank Rate from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. from June 23 had necessitated such a review and, as a result of talks between the Central Bank and the Exchange Banks Association of the Federation of Malaya, it had been agreed that the minimum rate of interest charged by banks in the Federation on advances would be increased from 5 per cent. per annum to 6 per cent. per annum as from July 1, 1960.

Consideration had also been given to rates of interest payable on fixed deposits and, with the concurrence of the Central Bank, the Exchange Banks Association of the Federation of Malaya had decided

WEALTH

Land problems in Kenya; Australia's policy for New Guinea; plantations in Ceylon; Malayan interest rates

that member banks could allow interest up to a minimum of 4 per cent. per annum on fixed deposits of three, six, nine or twelve months renewed or accepted on or after Wednesday, June 29, 1960. Recent rates quoted by the banks for fixed deposits have varied from 3 per cent. to 3½ per cent. per annum for three and six months and from 3½ per cent. to 3¾ per cent. per annum for nine and twelve months.

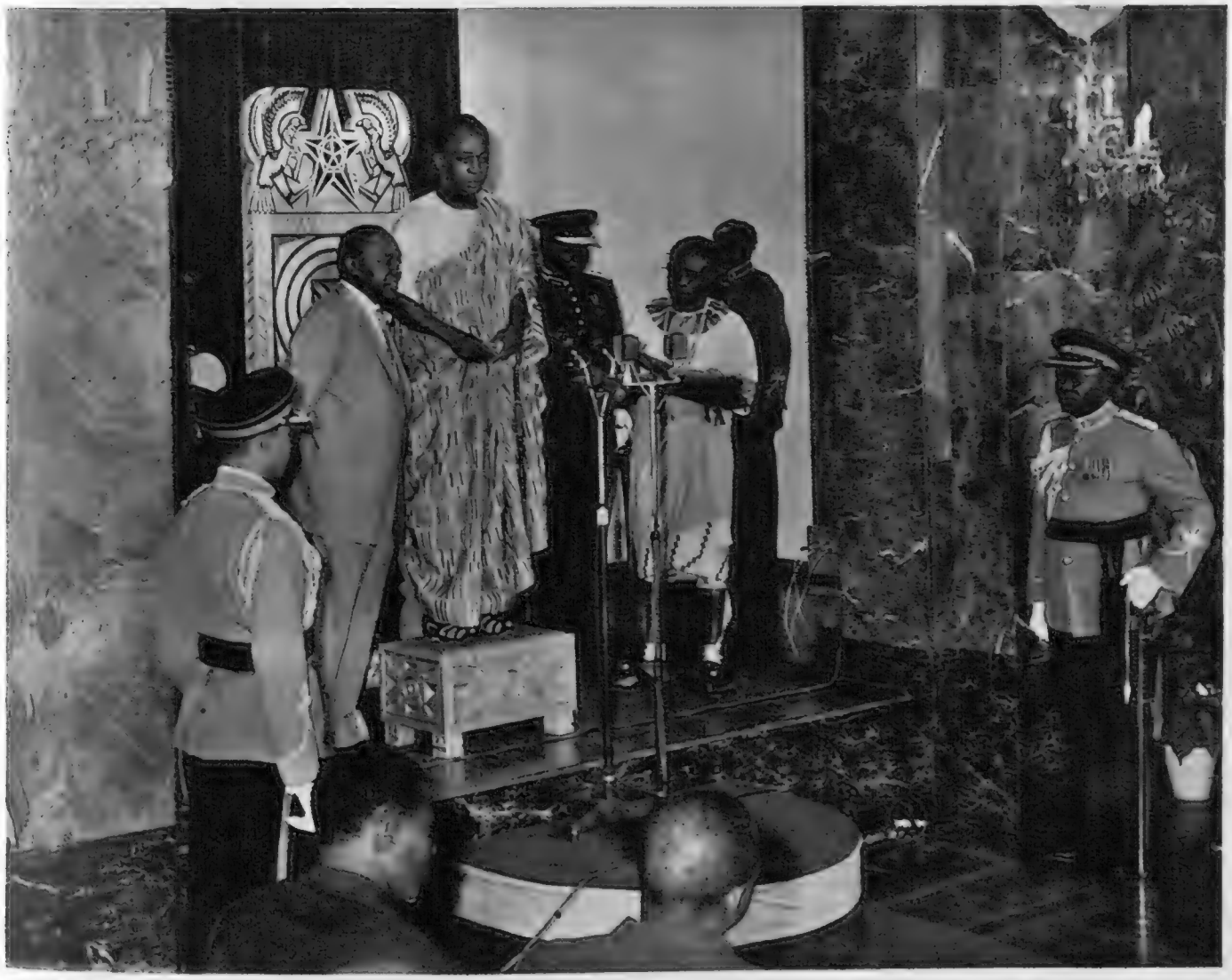
Dr. C. Kothe, a top German engineer specialising in fertiliser plant and representing a leading German firm, arrived in the Federation of Malaya last week to conduct a survey on the proposed urea plant in the Federation. Tenders for constructing the proposed £2,000,000 urea plant have been called for in Europe and England. Urea is a fertiliser extracted from the waste products of iron and is one of the best fertilisers for enriching the soil of Malaya. The German firm which Dr. Kothe represents has constructed fertiliser plants of various designs in India, Canada, America, and Europe.

During his stay in the Federation, Dr. Kothe had discussions with the Minister of Agriculture and Co-operatives, Inche Abdul Ishak bin Aziz; the Acting Commissioner for Co-operative Development, Inche Sanusi bin Baki, and four directors of the Apex Bank. He explained in detail the highly technical aspects of the fertiliser plant, and stressed that such a project required careful and serious consideration. He said that after making a preliminary survey of the country's agricultural potential, he was confident that a fertiliser plant would succeed in the Federation. The success of such a project, however, would not only depend on the quality of the plant but also on men with skill and administrative experience to run it. The plant would be a most modern one, using different types of gases for making urea, and the finished product will be in the form of crystals containing 76 per cent. nitrogen.

In Dr. Kothe's opinion such a plant would take about three years to complete and could be expanded in later stages to produce sufficient fertiliser for the requirements of the country. The Directors of the Apex Bank were highly impressed with the explanations given on the various technical processes of the proposed plant by the German expert.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

GHANA BECOMES A REPUBLIC



Above: Dr. Nkrumah, shortly after becoming first President of the Republic of Ghana, says goodbye to Lord Listowel, the last Governor-General, on his departure from the airport of Accra. **Left:** In State House, in Accra, Dr. Nkrumah is sworn as President by the Chief Justice, Sir Arkie Korsah. The sword-bearer, wearing a robe, holds the Sword of State on the other side of Dr. Nkrumah. The President solemnly avowed his adherence to the fundamental principles of liberty and justice, guaranteed freedom of speech, religion and assembly and declared there would be no racial or class discrimination. Then, accompanied by President Sekou Touré of Guinea, Dr. Nkrumah went to a balcony and was loudly cheered by the crowd outside. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired and the Presidential standard was broken for the first time. This consists of a coat of arms symbolising Ghana's sovereignty and her continued link with Britain. Below is the motto: "Freedom and Justice." Besides being Head of State, Dr. Nkrumah remains Head of Government. One of his first acts as President was to form a new Cabinet

PREVIEW TO SILVERSTONE

by **Courtenay Edwards**

Motor racing is running out of drivers. The line-up for the British Grand Prix this Saturday (July 16) at Silverstone shows very clearly that if the fatality rate among top-rank drivers continues at the tragic level reached over the last few years, the sport will soon be faced with a real crisis. There are plenty of good racing drivers left, especially in Britain, but there are only about a dozen who, in my opinion, have the requisite skill and experience to drive the 2½-litre cars of the current championship formula on such fast circuits as Spa, in Belgium, Monza, in Italy, and Rheims, in France.

I was discussing this driver problem last week with two racing enthusiasts who have been following the sport for many years. We agreed that to-day there are only six really top-grade drivers with the right kind of experience: Stirling Moss (Britain), Jack Brabham (Australia), Tony Brooks (Britain), Phil Hill (U.S.), Bruce McLaren (New Zealand) and Maurice Trintignant (France). Then we prepared a list of the next best Formula I drivers. Our choice was as follows: Wolfgang von Trips (Germany), Dan Gurney and Masten Gregory (U.S.), Innes Ireland (Britain), Olivier Gendebien (Belgium), Graham Hill (Britain), Joakim Bonnier (Sweden), Roy Salvadori (Britain), and Cliff Allison (Britain).

Under the heading of " promising material " we put these names: Jim Clark (Britain), Henry Taylor (Britain), John Surtees (Britain), Ritchie Ginther (U.S.), Willy Mairesse (Belgium), and Mike Taylor (Britain). Most of these drivers will be in action at Silverstone, a notable and regrettable exception being Stirling Moss. His injuries suffered in a crash at Spa while practising for the Belgian Grand Prix will keep him out of racing for many weeks, though he hopes to be a spectator at the race on Saturday. Nevertheless, it should be an exciting race, although we shall miss the glamorous personalities who have been killed in recent years: men like Mike Hawthorn, Peter Collins, Harry Schell, Jean Behra, Luigi Musso and Eugenio Castellotti.

The British Grand Prix is over 75 laps of the twisty circuit, making a distance of 225 miles, and the cars on the starting grid demonstrate how completely British makes dominate Grand Prix racing. Only one foreign make—the Italian Ferrari—will be represented, the new American Scarabs having been withdrawn. Britain has Cooper, Lotus, B.R.M. and Vanwall and possibly Aston Martin. It is the Coopers and Lotuses, with their Coventry Climax engines, which have put Britain on top in the sport. The surprising thing is that they have been designed and built by small, independent firms run by young men who started with little except engineering talent and tremendous enthusiasm.

Coopers won both Formula I (2½ litres) and Formula II (1½ litres) championships last year and it was in a Cooper that Jack Brabham won the world drivers' championship. This year they have already established a commanding lead in the constructors' championship, well ahead of Ferrari and Lotus. The official team for the works Coopers is Brabham and McLaren (a twenty-two-year-old New Zealander). Both are doing very well on the 1960 version of the car, and since the French Grand Prix share the top place in the championship table.

The new Lotus, which like the Cooper has its engine behind the driver, started the season with spectacular success. Moss won the Monaco Grand Prix in a Lotus privately entered by Mr. Rob Walker, while Innes Ireland finished second in a works-entered Lotus in the Dutch Grand Prix (Moss was fourth after being delayed by a puncture). This is a great change from the humiliating performance of the old Formula I Lotuses, which had the habit of breaking down in every race. At Spa, however, the Lotus came under a cloud. Three of these low-slung plastic-bodied cars crashed. Moss lost a wheel in practice, and Mike Taylor was hurt when his privately-entered model went off the road, through, it is alleged, steering failure. During the race itself, Alan Stacey, one of the official works entries, was killed when his car went off the road at high speed. It was thought at the time that he had been hit in the face by a bird.

These crashes revived the old argument that modern racing cars were getting too light to be really safe. Many people are saying that the Commission Sportif Internationale (the controlling body for the sport) may not have been so wrong in deciding to change the championship formula next year to make it for cars of only 1½ litres. The C.S.I. has also specified a minimum weight for these cars to reduce the risk of their being dangerously light. It was a trying time for Colin Chapman, the brilliant engineer who started the Lotus organisation by building sports cars in an old stable with the help of four fellow-enthusiasts. They are now his fellow-directors in a £10,000 company with a modern plant at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire. It is to be hoped that the cars have a trouble-free run at Silverstone. Without a continuing battle between these cars and the Coopers, Grand Prix racing for the rest of the season will not be so exciting. The Lotus drivers entered for Saturday were Innes Ireland, Jim Clark and Ron Flockhart.

Harry Schell driving a Cooper in the rain at Silverstone just before he was killed in May

Stirling Moss in the small, light Lotus at Monaco

At the time of writing I don't know if Rob Walker is trying to find a driver to replace Moss. Yeoman Credit, another well-known private team, sponsored by the big hire purchase house of that name, were due to have Olivier Gendebien (the Belgian winner of Le Mans), Brooks and Henry Taylor. Driving a Yeoman Credit Cooper, Gendebien came second to Brabham in the French Grand Prix. It is to be hoped that Silverstone will see John Surtees driving the new, independently-sprung Vanwall, entered by Mr. Tony Vandervell. Surtees, the champion racing motor-cyclist, only took up motor racing this season.

The persistent, popular, never-say-die B.R.M.s are entered with their official team of Bonnier, Graham Hill and Dan Gurney. At the time of writing it was not certain whether Mr. David Brown would run two of the Aston Martin cars, which he did not consider fast enough for Spa or Rheims. They may stand a better chance on the more sinuous Silverstone circuit (developed from a wartime aerodrome perimeter track). If they do appear, their drivers would presumably be Roy Salvadori and Maurice Trintignant, the champion of France and a wine-producer who is Mayor of the little town of Vergèze, in the department of Gard.

The foreign challenge, as usual, comes from Ferraris, which have always done well at Silverstone. They won six races in succession there between 1951 and 1958, the drivers being Gonzales twice, Ascari

One of this year's Ferraris being driven in practice at Monaco by Cliff Allison

At Spa, Brabham in a works' Cooper is followed by Phil Hill's Ferrari

The dust of battle—Stirling Moss leads Joakim Bonnier in a works-entered B.R.M.

Line ahead—Brabham's Cooper, Moss's Lotus, Bonnier's B.R.M.

twice, Fangio and Collins. It would do motor racing a lot of good if a Ferrari won again this year, for although they had a smash-hit sports-car win at Le Mans, they have done badly in Grand Prix this year, including the French Grand Prix. If Enzo Ferrari were to throw in his hand, the bottom would fall out of big-time racing and public support would seriously decline. The team drivers at Silverstone are to be Phil Hill and von Trips.

I am glad that the British Racing Drivers' Club, the organisers of the Grand Prix, did not follow the example of the promoters of the Monaco, Dutch and Belgian Grand Prix, and introduce a qualifying system for the drivers who have entered. Under this system the field is limited to a certain number of cars and only the fastest in practice were allowed to take part in the race. This caused drivers to go dangerously quick in practice and wear out their cars to an extent which threatened to make the actual racing much less interesting from the point of view of the paying public. This procedure had the effect of excluding the new American Scarabs from the Monaco and Dutch races. The B.R.D.C., on the other hand, was determined to give them a chance at Silverstone. Unfortunately, Lance Reventlow had to withdraw these cars from the French Grand Prix because he had worn out all his engines and they will not be at Silverstone, either. " Let 's not forget," said Mr. John Eason-Gibson, the secretary of the Club, " that not so very long ago British racing cars were ' also-rans.' "

On paper it looks like another win for Cooper at Silverstone, for these cars from Surbiton have shown impressive reliability this year. Brabham and McLaren are on top of their form—two dependable drivers who never give theatrical displays of temperament and who always contrive to drive within the limits of their cars' performance and their own ability. So far this season five qualifying events have been run for the 1960 Championship. McLaren won the Argentine Grand Prix with Cliff Allison (later injured at Monaco) second to give the Ferrari its best result up to Silverstone. McLaren finished second behind Moss's Lotus at Monaco, and in Holland it was Brabham's turn to win, with Innes Ireland second. Brabham won again at Spa, followed by McLaren, and again at Rheims, when Gendebien, in a Yeoman Credit Cooper, just held off McLaren for second place. Head of the table now are the two Cooper drivers, Brabham and McLaren.

Moss is unable to drive at the moment, and so cannot thrill the crowd with his superb artistry. But it should be an exciting race, against a colourful background, with all the other leading drivers present competing on a circuit which has been the nursery for Britain's motor-racing achievements.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

GIPSY CURES FOR WARTS

I suppose that Data Burton, an old gipsy woman who died recently and whom I knew pretty well, was really a witch—a white witch—for she was a "wart-wisher." That may sound silly. Everybody knows that there are no witches any more, that witchcraft is dead in Britain, that nobody believes in things like that nowadays: that it is all nonsense. Yet I wonder, especially where warts are concerned. They are very odd things anyway. Educated people know that they are excrescences caused by excessive growth of the tissues of the papillae of the skin. (At least, that is what my encyclopaedia tells me.) But I have never been able to get a satisfactory explanation from any doctor of the manner in which warts are formed. They just appear, and sometimes disappear, for no apparent reason at all. Very mysterious things are warts.

It is their mysterious nature which has given birth to the many curious beliefs and superstitions about them. These are quite different from the "country cures," which are themselves legion. The normal gipsy cure for warts is dandelion. A leaf or flower of dandelion is gathered and the stem squeezed to produce a drop of milky juice. The wart is touched with this and it is left to dry on. This is repeated two or three times, the wart turns black and drops off, leaving a nice clear skin where it used to be. There is no doubt that this is very effective. Any number of people, and not only gipsies, have tried it and found it to be so.

But, unfortunately, the remedy is effective only in the late spring and summer (practically speaking, only when the plant is flowering), for later in the year the juice becomes scanty and loses its acrid quality. I have also known gipsies to use celandine, the juice of which is even more acrid than that of dandelion, in the same way. Like dandelion, however, it is effective only in spring and summer.

An all-the-year-round remedy (strangely enough, one which I have not known to be used by gipsies) is tormentil. In this case the rootstock is used. A decoction is prepared by soaking in cold water for twelve hours, and then a piece of clean cloth, soaked in the decoction, is tied over the wart, which in due course will turn black and fall off, leaving the skin clear. I have heard it said that the decoction is effective only if the rootstock is dug in April or May, though it may be kept in a tightly-corked bottle for any length of time and will be just as effective at the end as at the beginning. I do not know what truth there is in this. It savours to me of superstition grafted upon learning. Another very well-known country cure is to rub the wart lightly, but persistently, with the white fluffy lining of the shell of a broad bean. It is a long job, but in the end the wart will turn black and drop off. The peel of a sour apple is used in some districts in the same way, and has, I understand, the same effect.

But all these are herbal remedies and far removed from witchcraft. What is one to make of rubbing a wart with a snail, and then impaling the snail on a thorn in the sure belief that as the snail slowly dies so the wart will disappear? That is, surely, witchcraft pure and simple. You may think that it may have happened away back in the seventeenth century, but that it could not possibly happen in Britain to-day. In fact, it has been recorded several times from Cornwall and once from Surrey within the last fifteen years. I dare say that it, or something like it, happens fairly frequently. I say "something like it" because it need not necessarily be a snail. I have heard of a toad being used. Ralph Wightman (I think it was in a broadcast) has mentioned the use of raw meat, rubbed over the wart, and then buried: as the meat decays, the wart drops off. Snail, toad or raw meat: it is still witchcraft.

"Wart-wishing" is different again. So far as I can make out, so far as anyone can make out, nothing is used: it is just a charm. If that is not witchcraft, white witchcraft, I do not know what it is. "Wart-wishing," by the way, is not a skill (if that is the right word) confined to gipsies. There are plenty of people in the countryside, the length and breadth of Britain, who claim to be able to wish warts away: and there are any number of people in the countryside, people still living, who have had their warts wished away.

Christina Hole, in her *Witchcraft in England*, records that she has spoken personally with five women who have had their warts wished away by a famous Staffordshire wart-wisher: a man incidentally, which is unusual. I myself have spoken with four men and six women who have had their warts wished away by Data Burton. It is not only human warts that are susceptible to the charm. There are endless stories of farm animals being cured of warts by a wisher after veterinary treatment has failed. You can take all such stories with a pinch of salt, of course. For it seems on the face of it unlikely that the same charm should work for a cow or a horse and a human. I was inclined to do so, until my friend, the late H. J. Massingham, had the warts on his Old English Sheepdog wished away.

What is the charm? Nobody knows. There is no mumbo jumbo about it, no making of secret passes over the wart, no mumbling of secret phrases, no incantations. The sufferer is not so much as touched. All that is necessary is that the sufferer should see the wisher and should tell her (or, rarely, him) the number of warts. Thereafter, it is most important that the warts should not be touched. The wisher apparently does nothing. But the warts disappear.

Now, you may think that this is a pretty easy way of making money. After all, warts do appear and disappear for no apparent reason at all; but the fact of the matter is that no wart-wisher will take a fee or a present for her services. Furthermore, they will not talk about it and they will not advertise. They have a secret and one which they guard most jealously. The other odd thing about it is that this is not a gift which runs in families. It is a gift or a power which is handed on, in old age, by the wart-wisher to a young person of her choice, but never to one of the family. Whatever the secret may be, it becomes inoperative if confided to kinsfolk.

It may well be that there is no gift, no power, no secret at all. It may well be that the warts wished away were about to disappear anyhow: that the visit to the wart-wisher at that particular time was just coincidence. It may be that country people are particularly credulous. I do not know. But there seems to me to have been an awful lot of coincidences.

Repton, the home team, are in the field in their match against Rugby. J. L. Cuthbertson, the captain, is batting

At the start of the match against Rugby, the Repton team takes the field

The Rugby captain, J. L. Cuthbertson

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

REPTON v RUGBY

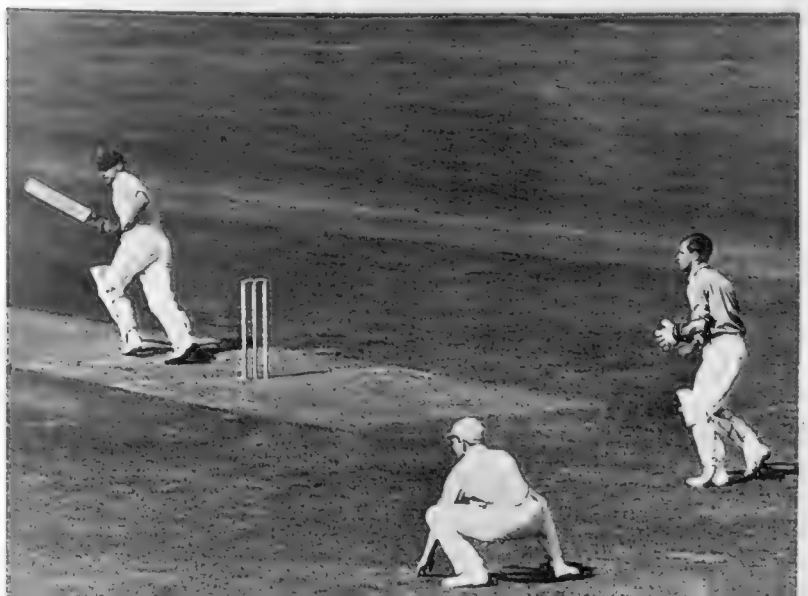
The match between Repton and Rugby, played this year at Repton on June 25, will be remembered for an innings of distinction by the Rugby captain, J. L. Cuthbertson. He was eventually dismissed, caught by J. P. Pickvance off M. A. Linton, for 123 runs.

Rugby won the toss, but quickly lost two wickets for 5. Then Cuthbertson and M. R. Evers (46) put on a fine stand of 134. After Evers went, Livingstone dominated the later stages of the innings, and scored 57 not out. The Repton bowling was creditable, and was supported by good fielding all round the wicket. Rugby declared at 245 for six, leaving Repton to score at a rate of 95 an hour. With R. A. Hutton and G. C. Turner hitting 33 off the first five overs, it looked as though this might be achieved. However, once Hutton was caught and bowled by D. Matheson for 59, no one else seemed likely to be able to keep up the pace. C. R. Pilkington, the captain, was the only other Repton batsman to offer any resistance, but he was out for 18. A collapse followed in which Repton lost seven wickets for 34, and Rugby were swiftly moving to victory when a last-wicket stand between A. P. Basnett and R. F. Nelson slowed their advance. With two minutes' play left, Nelson pushed a ball from Matheson into the hands of short leg, M. I. Appleby, for Rugby to win by 90 runs.

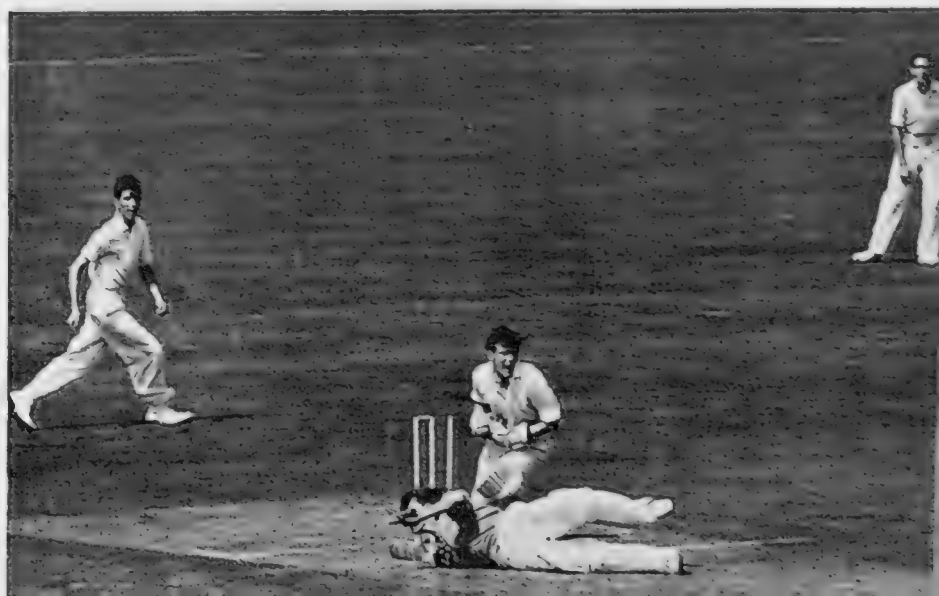
G. A. Elliott, one of Rugby's opening batsmen, is bowled by R. F. Nelson for five

Left :
J. L. Cuthbertson plays on the off side for four runs during his brilliant innings. Not for many years can spectators at the Paddock at Repton have seen a finer show of batting skill. Cuthbertson employed a great variety of strokes, and used both front and back foot in making his century

G. C. Turner, top scorer for Repton with 54, plays a ball from D. G. Lewis



I. R. Elliott narrowly avoids being run out by Repton's A. P. Basnett



GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Sir Geoffrey Lowles (Chairman) and every member of his Olympic Committee deserve our praise for having worked so diligently and conscientiously in discharging the first and perhaps most difficult part of their duties before this year's Olympic Games. The announcement last week of Roy Mitchell and his boat *Twinkle* as our representative in the International Star Class, completes the team.

The Committee's job has been all the more difficult as no special trial races had been held in any of the classes. It had to be done by meticulous observation of many races over a period. The knowledge of the average conditions to be expected in Naples Bay, where the Games will be held, has not made the task any easier, as only a small proportion of all the races observed was sailed in conditions comparable with those in the Italian bay.

Even the choice of reserves presented a problem. Only three men are allowed to join the team as reserves for the five classes, each of which is fundamentally different and needs specialised ability and experience. I suppose it was realised that the single-handed Finn is so specialised that no one could be a reserve to Vernon Stratton *and* be expected to double for anyone else. Richard Creagh-Osborne was chosen with that knowledge.

Graham Mann has his own spare helmsman in *Salamander* in the person of Jonathan Janson, part owner and one of the crew. In the Star class our expectations are the minimum in any case, and so it was important to choose the remaining two reserves with the 5·5 metre and the Flying Dutchman in mind. The Jardine twins, Adrian and Stuart, fortunately meet this double requirement.

The responsibility of the Olympic Committee does not end with the selection of team and reserves. It is at this stage that the Team Captain (non sailing) Sir Kenneth Preston and the Team Manager, Major Peter Snowden take over. Their job is to prepare the team and take them into battle in the finest possible fettle.

14-footers sailing in the Prince of Wales' Cup Race, when it was held at Lowestoft

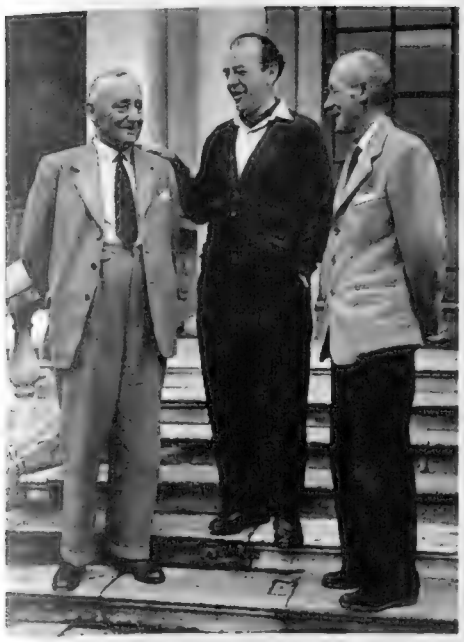
The racing for the Itchenor Gallon in Chichester Harbour last weekend was the last of the series of curtain-raiser meetings before the most important International 14-ft. event, the Prince of Wales' Cup Week, which begins on Sunday at Falmouth. In spite of the many new classes which have become popular in recent years, the 14-footer remains the supreme test of dinghy helmsmen and designers.

The Prince of Wales' Cup, presented in 1926, has remained one of the most coveted trophies in the whole sport of dinghy sailing. It was for this cup that Uffa Fox designed *Avenger* in 1928, revolutionising dinghy design by the introduction of the planing hull with its "V" section forward and long flat surface aft.

Much more recently, Austin Farrar produced a boat with a moulded hull, *Bolero*, one of the most successful 14s, for Stewart Morris, eight times winner of the Prince of Wales' Cup. There have been many changes in design, and the rules of the class have been amended often, but the basic rule remains unchanged: boats are to be entirely open.

Following the success of the International team races held at Cowes in 1958 between the U.K., Canada and New Zealand, preparations are now complete for a similar event to be held in Canada next year. Sending a team there will be a costly business, and James Bartlett, the class secretary tells me, that, as a first step, leading helmsmen in the class are being asked to what extent they would be prepared to finance the cost of owner and boat, plus crew, being sent to Canada.

A frequent winner of the Prince of Wales' Cup is Stewart Morris, seen here sailing *Bolero*



Mr. A. G. Tomkins, the club secretary; Mr. R. G. Hawkins, the captain; and Mr. H. G. Bromley

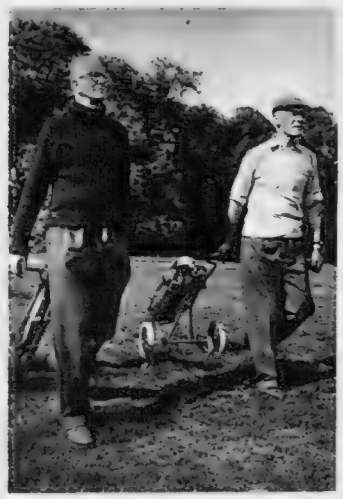
Miss M. Wailes and Mrs. I. Yate, both past captains of the club

Mr. A. W. Herriott plays out of a bunker

Putting on the second green. In the distance are the outskirts of Chislehurst

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

BLACKHEATH



Mr. A. M. Banister and Dr. A. R. Calo

Mrs. B. L. H. Frowen

The club is situated at Eltham, in South London, on pleasant parkland. Traditionally, the Royal Blackheath was founded in 1608 by James I, to whom, as a resident of the Royal Palace of Palentia at Greenwich, the first tee on the ancient course was easily accessible. An unfortunate fire at the end of the eighteenth century destroyed many of the club's records, so it is not altogether certain whether this was the foundation date. But records still in existence show that the club has an extremely long history and many of the traditions and customs are still in force to-day. For instance, the Knuckle Club, established in the eighteenth century and which became the Blackheath Winter Golf Club in 1825, survives to some extent to-day in the Royal Blackheath "Wee Dinners." Until the Royal Blackheath merged with the Eltham Club in 1923, golf was played on the heath. The present 18-hole course is 6,065 yards long, the standard scratch score being 71. Finally, the clubhouse, originally known as Eltham Lodge, is an extremely fine example of seventeenth-century Renaissance architecture.

Next in this series will be Beaconsfield Golf Club in our issue of July 23

Mr. R. G. Hawkins drives off watched by Mr. W. C. Thomas, the professional; Dr. C. W. Jamieson; and Mr. G. White

Mr. E. J. Beveridge, Mr. R. E. Stott, Mr. H. Simon and Mr. R. Thomas, the assistant professional

TRAVEL

A MOTORING HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

By GORDON COOPER

The summer months in Spain can be insufferably hot, but autumn brings a change and offers an opportunity for a delightful and rewarding motoring holiday. With the possible exception of Italy, no other country in Europe has more to offer within the confines of a three-week holiday in the way of interesting art towns. For those who do not wish to make the rather long road journey through France in order to reach the frontier, there is the alternative of hiring a self-drive car. This can be done through an organisation called "A.T.E.S.A.," or, perhaps preferably, in Gibraltar, reached comfortably, quickly and inexpensively by B.E.A. (They can also arrange for a self-drive car.)

In the itinerary I offer I make the starting-point of the Spanish portion of the tour San Sebastián and the finishing goal Perpignan —or vice-versa if you so wish. But should you decide to set out from Gibraltar, then you must adjust your arrangements accordingly. Incidentally, while the road journey from a Channel port to or from the Spanish frontier can be effected in two days (each way), this means pretty hard driving, and it is better to allow at least three days, or four days if you prefer to be leisurely.

San Sebastián, the most fashionable seaside resort in Spain, is a pleasant place to linger for a day, and it offers good bathing. Your first day's run from there could bring you to Burgos (140). The figures shown in brackets indicate the day's mileage. This is an important art city, with its famous Cathedral and the two monasteries of Miraflores and Las Huelgas (enquire first in the town about the opening hours). The next day's run brings you to Madrid (147), with a stop at the Albergue (road inn) Aranda de Duero for lunch. At least two days should be allowed for the Spanish capital. You may well wish, too, to make side-trips to the Escorial and to Toledo, a great musuem of Spanish art; the cathedral is the richest ecclesiastical shrine in Spain. Lunch there at the Venta de Aires. In Madrid, a typical meal can be enjoyed at El Botin, with sucking pig as the speciality. Try, also, to see a display of professional pelota, the exhilarating Basque game and the fastest sport I know.

From Madrid a long day's drive brings you to Cordova (249), with its amazing Mosque, one of the world's wonders. When you stand amid its forest of pillars, it is like being in architectural infinity. But just to wander through the old quarter is enchantment, with views into cool-looking patios on all sides. A worthwhile excursion is to Medina Azahara (5), where there are the ruins of a once-great Moorish city.

A short day's drive brings you to Seville (90), the gem of Andalusian cities. Its great Cathedral and the Museum are the essential sights, but just to stroll in the Santa Cruz quarter of the town and in the lovely Maria Luisa Park is rewarding. For a first-class display of flamenco singing and dancing, go to the nightly show in the Hotel Maria Cristina, for it is here that the most promising performers are given their first chance. Archæologists will want to visit, too, the Roman amphitheatre of Italica (4), the birthplace of Trajan.

Cadiz (100) can be your next goal, with a stop at Jerez on the way—an opportunity to indulge in a tour of one of the celebrated bodegas. From Jerez you might also like to make a side trip to Arcos de la Frontera (20), perhaps the most spectacular of Spanish towns. The Hotel los Cisnes is a recommended place for lunch. Cadiz itself is one of the most ancient cities in Europe, but it has been ravaged so often that few buildings of historic importance remain. Still, it is a pleasant spot in which to stay, and the Hotel Atlantico offers a good lodging.

On the next leg of your journey to Marbella (130), you follow a fine coastal road, passing through Tarifa and Algeciras; a short side-trip to Vejer de la Frontera, a true specimen of a Moorish town set on a precipitous eminence, is recommended. But the whole route offers some wonderful views. The bathing at Marbella (Hotel Alhamar and the chalet-hotel El Rodeo) is excellent.

Granada (150) is reached via popular Torremolinos (too British for my taste) and Malàga (Gibralfaro Restaurant, with a superb panoramic view is a suggestion for lunch). What can I say of the Alhambra, except to suggest that you read in advance Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambras*? The ideal place in which to lodge, by the way, is the state-run Parador de San Francisco, but if you cannot get in there, then I suggest the nearby Alhambra Palace Hotel. Allow a whole day for sightseeing in this fascinating Andalusian city, with its many reminders of a Moorish past.

Murcia (180) is merely a night-halt on the way to Valencia (170), the home of that wonderful dish *paella* (La Marcelina at the port is recommended). On the way to this centre of Spain's fruit trade, you pass through Alicante, the driest town in Spain, and nearby Elche, famous for its palm groves. As you continue northwards you pass close to Peniscola, Spain's "Mont St. Michel" and Tarragona, a most interesting city; and a side trip (well worth while) brings you to the monastery of Poblet, the most complete example of monastic architecture in Spain. Barcelona (130) has also much of interest to offer, notably the Gothic Quarter, the Ramblas, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Spanish Village, and the Cathedral. Be sure and have a meal at the typical Los Caracoles.

The final day's run in Spain is along the Costa Brava. Gerona justifies a halt in order to see its Cathedral; but if you follow the coastal road, then you may be tempted to stay at the Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro, for it is one of the loveliest hotels in Europe. The scenery around here is magnificent. And so to Perpignan (120) and the road back to your Channel port through France.

NOTE: To drive a car in Spain you must have an international driving licence, also certain documents. Your motoring organisation can advise you in this respect or, in the case of a self-drive car, the firm concerned.

Tossa, a popular resort on the Costa Brava, the Spanish Riviera

GERMANY AND HOLLAND BY LINER

Earlier this year I travelled on the *Arkadia* of the Greek line. I have never encountered better service and cuisine on any ship. You can now make four-day trips on it, giving either one night in Bremen or three nights ashore in Holland. Including hotel room and meals in Bremen (a charming Hanseatic city) the all-in cost is £20, somewhat more for first class on ship; and in the case of Holland the inclusive fare of £19 includes accommodation, meals and entertainment for three days in Amsterdam (as pleasant a city as any in which to enjoy yourself). It is also possible to book the sea passages each way, and to make your own arrangements ashore. Your travel agent can make the necessary bookings, which continue until November 22.

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 10

HARDY BROS.

The spacious and well-lit shop near the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Street can best be described as an establishment dedicated to " the Compleat Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation." The full name of the business, Hardy Brothers (Alnwick) Limited, reveals something of its history. Some ninety years ago two brothers, John James and William Hardy, started the business in the Northumberland town of Alnwick. (The head office and factory are still there.)

The brothers at first dealt in both sporting guns and fishing tackle. Soon they were concentrating exclusively on the latter and their nation-wide reputation as angling specialists made it worth their while to open a shop in London on the site in Pall Mall. The old premises were destroyed by bombing during the last war. To-day, besides their West End shop, Hardy's have branches in the City of London, Manchester, Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is still largely a family business with descendants of the founder brothers on the board of directors.

When one enters the doors in Pall Mall one is immediately aware of a quiet, indeed contemplative atmosphere. One can take one's time and examine at leisure the surprisingly wide display of all the necessities required by the angler. Hardy's catalogue is much more than a mere price list. It is a thick, most informative volume on every aspect of the sport. The members of the staff reflect the tone of this publication. Of course they are there to sell goods to customers. But this is almost a secondary function. For the manager, Mr. Craik, and his assistants are all keen and expert fishermen, and they are to be regarded primarily as consultants who will gladly give advice to the novice as much as to the experienced angler.

For instance, an entire morning could be devoted exclusively to a discussion of the rods which are displayed along one of the walls. Length and weight of the rod depends on the type of fishing for which it is intended. Salmon rods can be as much as 14 ft. long. All Hardy's rods are made from split bamboo (" Palakona " is the trade name) and they cannot be produced in a hurry. Nine months is the period required from the starting to the finishing processes. This allows the cane to be properly seasoned. The result is a rod which may last a lifetime, provided it is properly maintained. The firm's catalogue contains some excellent notes on the care of rods, including illustrated lessons on the right way to dismantle them.

Since their inception Hardy's have been pioneers in designing rods. They have fulfilled a similar function in the matter of reels. " Next to your rod and line," one is reminded in the Pall Mall establishment, " your reel is the most important part of your fishing tackle." Unless the reel combines good materials and workmanship, it will almost invariably reach breakdown point under stress.

The other side of Pall Mall is reflected in the window

The spacious interior of Hardy Brothers

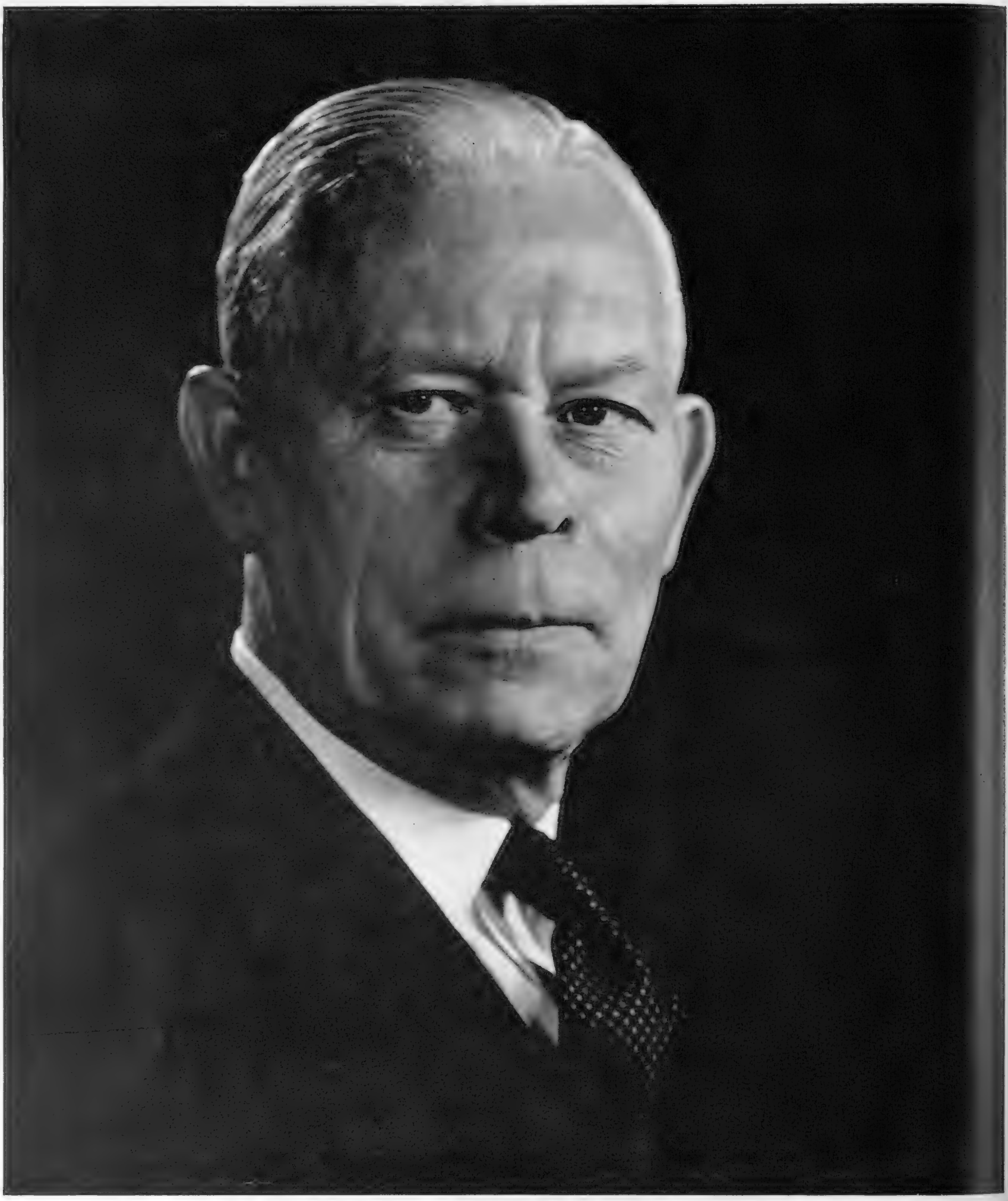
After choice of rod, line and reel comes selection of bait. For trout and salmon fishing these will be flies or spinners (for the benefit of the uninitiated the latter are artificial bait which spin on the water. It is presumed the fish mistake them for very much smaller members of their kind and so eagerly snap at them to devour them). Flies, whether they be wet or dry (i.e., float on the water), and spinners when laid out in their display cabinets present a magnificent array of colours. Their names are a fascinating complement: among the flies are: Black Spider; Tups Indispensible; Bloody Butcher; Royal Coachman; Black Dose; Blue Charm; and a whole range with the generic title of 'Dr. Evelyn' Lures. Spinners' nomenclature seems to be arranged according to their colouring, e.g., Sprat Devon Blue and Silver and Driftex Blood and Gold.

The angler is by no means complete without numerous accessories. The firm have them all; nets, for instance, and bags, fly-boxes and pocket knives containing essential tools, including a corkscrew. They even supply a special " Angler's and Sportsman's Pipe." There is a wide range of clothing from waterproof jackets to boots.

It is not only with trout and salmon fishing that Hardy's are concerned. The deep sea fisherman will find his requests readily met and, in keeping with the times, so will the skin-diver and underwater fisherman. Breathing tubes, diving masks and harpoon guns are some of the items available for those who follow the modern fashion. To-day fishing and angling of all types are becoming increasingly popular. The shop in Pall Mall aims to ensure the sport in any form is enjoyed to the full.

Yet it is the angling immortalised by Walton—the " contemplative recreation "—which permeates the atmosphere of the establishment, in which there always seem to be a background sound of the swish of a rod being tested or the click of a reel being proved. One goes away with a copy of the catalogue, to read with especial attention the appendix consisting of " Hints on the Art of Angling " compiled by Hardy's, past and present, and other experts. It is all in the Walton tradition.

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Graham Hayman

Since 1958, Sir Graham has been Chairman of the Distillers' Company Limited, the interests of which range from Scotch whisky and gin to chemicals, plastics, antibiotics and yeast. The Company has assets of £144,000,000 and 120,000 ordinary shareholders: its yearly results were expected this week. Since the war, the Chairman has played a leading role in the development of the chemical and plastics interests. They have made the Company one of the leaders in these fields, although Scotch still remains the predominant concern. Cecil George Graham Hayman was born in 1893 and was educated in London. He served in the First World War in the 7th London Regiment. Since 1922, he has been connected with the distilling and chemical industries, joining the board of the Distillers' Company in 1936. He was knighted in 1954. From 1953 to 1958 he was Chairman of the Distillers' Management Committee. Since the Company has so diverse a pattern of industry, it is necessary to preserve a common bond between employees. Sir Graham Hayman takes a keen personal interest in this problem. He journeys frequently between his office in Distillers House, an Adam building in London, and the Company's offices in Edinburgh. In addition, he travels extensively overseas, visiting the Company's interests in Australia, South Africa, Canada, the U.S. and other countries. This by no means exhausts Sir Graham's range of activities. He was Chairman of the Association of British Chemical Manufacturers from 1950 to 1953 and the President of the Federation of British Industries from 1955 to 1957 and is Chairman of the British Plaster Board (Holdings) Ltd. He has just resigned from the chairmanship of B.T.R. Industries Ltd., but he is remaining on the board. Sir Graham lives on Putney Heath and his chief recreation is golf

CHANGES IN INDUSTRIAL FILMS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

To the generation in which I grew up, it was as necessary an evidence of culture, fifteen-twenty-five years ago, to be familiar with the latest in documentary films as it would to-day label one a mere member of the "admass" to be too familiar with the latest television programmes—regardless of the fact that certain of these may be almost the same thing made by precisely the same man. I am not apologising for this: every generation must choose its own attitudes to strike, even if we are all liable to get fixed in them too long. Its relevance to the subject of this article is simply that the preconceived ideas with which I approached industrial films were largely based on the products of that documentary era just before the war, when some of the liveliest experimental productions in the film business were being financed by Shell, the Gas Light and Coke Company, and the Post Office. The reality of industrial films, to-day, is rather different.

Some of those industry-sponsored documentaries of the late '30's were fine films by any standard; shown all round the world, they must have brought the organisations that paid for them a considerable return in indirect goodwill as well as their directors a modest meed of critical acclaim, and they are still turning up occasionally in enthusiasts' film clubs nowadays. Of the vast numbers of propaganda documentaries made during the war, equally, a few have lasted. But since the war, gradually, the emphasis seems to have shifted. Fewer firms have been ready simply to provide the money and give the creative film-makers a fairly free hand, getting their return indirectly; more of them want films to train for them, sell for them, or work for them.

The change is not complete; as always, there are outstanding exceptions. The Shell Film Unit continues to produce many films that are not merely incidentally artistic, and though the main subject is oil, the ramifications of that world-wide industry are such as to give a pretty huge range of relevant or connected subjects. Ford Motor Company has sponsored one or two films, made by young directors, with little or no connection with the motor business; one won an award at the Venice Film Festival in 1957. The British Iron and Steel Federation some time ago sponsored a film on Sheffield that included some shots taken inside a nuclear reactor before it was sealed for ever, with the control rods producing a "stainless steel Gothic" effect of quite unearthly beauty. The British Transport Commission has a film unit making travel films of rather exceptional quality. But for many other firms, the film is "in" only when it can contribute to the "hard sell," or other workaday activities. On the other hand, what may have been sacrificed in artistic quality seems to have been made up many times over in quantity. Whether or not industrial patronage is contributing what it did to the film as an art, the film as a technique is to-day working much more widely for industry. This is true even if one excludes that quite large-scale new supply of film material for industry, the television commercial—which is a concentrated, expert and rather costly job done very largely by specialists.

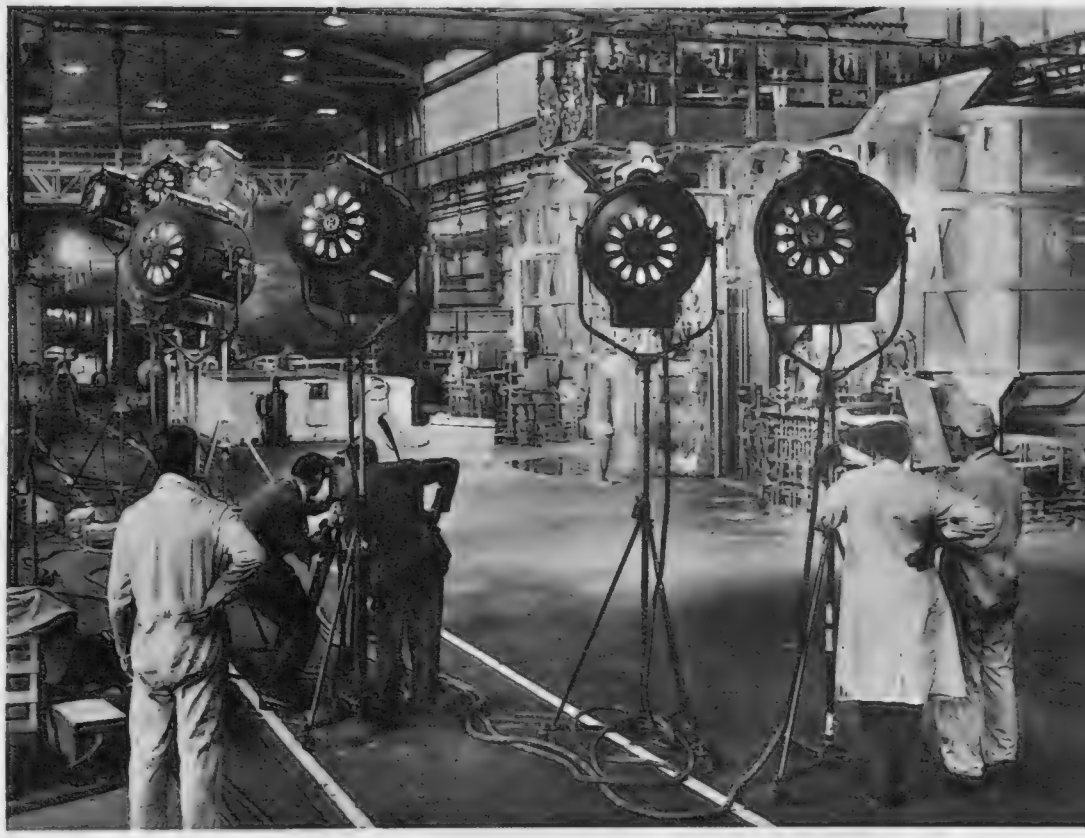
That, however, is by no means true of all the cases in which industry makes use of filming. Professionals flourish: there are 150-200 companies in the business, making films both simple and complex for clients who prefer to have experts do the job from start to finish. The films they produce are by no means as expensive as many people imagine; the majority, probably, are made for £2,000 or less, and quite a number for less than £1,000—which is not very considerable when put against a company's advertising and public relations budget.

Most professionally-made films are produced for advertising or promotion of various kinds whether direct selling to the public in films that will be shown in the intervals of any ordinary cinema programme, specialist films shown to expert buyers to show the whole process of building, say, a highly specialised machine they are considering, or—as several companies recently have done—giving one's shareholders a somewhat clearer idea of what the company they own does than can conveniently be described in a report or a chairman's speech.

But when film gets closer to the factory floor, it is very often on a "Do-It-Yourself" basis. This is not necessarily a matter of cost—though the cinema technicians, who must be one of the highest-paid groups of trade unionists outside the airline pilots, have tended to make some of the buyers who have to foot the bill for a professional production wonder whether all that costly skill is really necessary. Quite often there are matters of industrial security involved—for example, a car company which wants to have a new model filmed in secrecy so that an impression of its performance can be given to dealers the same day that it comes out, or by contrast one developing a new production process that does not want to show its film to anyone but its own staff, and is concerned with filming more as a record than as something to be widely disseminated.

In research, again, the ciné-camera will often be required as a continuous record—though here special equipment is sometimes required for ultra-fast photography, in which case it will be better to rely on experts than buy the very expensive equipment required. But in general, even the small company nowadays, when it begins with the idea of using a film in one way or another, be it interesting housewives in women's institutes or training apprentices the right way to go about a job, may be tempted to go it alone. For in comparison with a lot of the equipment any company buys, film equipment represents a fairly small investment—ranking more with the electric duplicating machine, say, than even a smallish machine tool.

In the mid-'30's, discussing the fact that the documentary makers had to find patronage of one kind or another, John Grierson, their leading spirit, once wrote: "A camera costs a thousand pounds, a sound-recording outfit three times as much, and the brute cost of every second of film shot is sixpence." That, for the documentary director aiming to equal—or indeed better—the standards of Hollywood, set a frame of limitations. For the small company with no such ambitions, even after twenty-five years more inflation, the bill, somewhat amazingly, comes out cheaper—partly because of intensive development both of 16-millimetre cameras and film stock and of cheaper forms of sound recording. Highly efficient 16-mm. cameras can be bought for £500 or even much less; a good tape-recorder need cost no more than £100; one estimate of the main and ancillary equipment required for a small works film unit recently put the cost at £1,500-£3,000, probably less than replacing the managing director's car. Company film units may not be costed too closely as to overheads; nevertheless, many of them would show you highly successful films which they declare have been made for, say, £250 or less.



On location at the Shepcote Lane works, Sheffield, of Firth-Vickers Stainless Steels Ltd. during the making of *Sheffield Made*, produced by Ace Film Productions for the British Iron and Steel Federation

This dissolution of a skilled craft which sometimes became an art into something just past a hobby for the intelligent amateur customer has no doubt debits as well as credits to its account. But it is causing far more companies to use films and film equipment to-day, in one way or another—and possibly, by whetting their appetite, swelling the flow of business to the practically-minded professional companies. A recent market survey of ciné-camera buyers in Britain found that the typical buyer was a married business executive in his late thirties, usually with a family and often with outdoor pursuits that he liked to record. It is perhaps not fanciful to guess that this typical private customer—whether he does it himself for the firm or not—is proving a better salesman for films and filming in his own business than any the professional companies or manufacturers employ.

The new northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel, with (centre) the East India Dock Road bridge over it

THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL SCHEME

The first stage of the London County Council's scheme for duplicating the Blackwall Tunnel was completed last month, six weeks ahead of schedule. The joint contractors were Holland and Hannen and Cubitts Ltd. and Fitzpatrick and Sons, Ltd., who are also members of the consortium working on the £5,500,000 Hyde Park Corner-Marble Arch improvement plan. The north approach to the Blackwall Tunnel has been carried out at a cost of £750,000, and is designed to eliminate the traffic bottleneck at the East India Dock entrance. A new bridge carries all the East India Dock Road traffic over the dual carriageway underpass. At the northern end of the underpass there is a half-clover-leaf system of roads. Cubitts Fitzpatrick have also dealt with a £40,000 pedestrian subway under the north approach road at Brunswick Road. Work on the second stage of the scheme, has been started by the contractors, Mott, Hay and Anderson.

The end of the approach road, and the slip roads are seen where they meet to enter the tunnel

This aerial picture shows the whole area of development. From

lf-clover-leaf system (bottom), the northern approach road runs under the East India Dock Road bridge (centre), and continues into the tunnel (in the centre of far background)

MOTORING

END OF THE BOOM?

Hints for those Planning to Motor on the Continent

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

New production and export records were set up by the British motor industry in May, but as I go about my business I detect a feeling of anxiety about the future. Men who should know what they are talking about say the boom the car side of the industry has enjoyed for so long may come to an end by the autumn. "We shall then have to go out and really *sell* our cars for the first time for years," one executive said. "Queues of customers waiting for delivery of new cars will have disappeared."

I have been hearing that sort of talk, periodically, for a long time, and so far the pessimism has always proved groundless. This time it may be different. If a buyers' market really is on the way it will have been largely brought about by these three factors:

(1) Reduced sales in the U.S. of our medium-sized saloon models as a result of the growing popularity of America's own compact cars with which British manufacturers cannot effectively compete as far as price is concerned.

(2) Credit restrictions at home. The recent further increase in the Bank Rate was quickly followed by a rise from 7½ per cent. to 9 per cent. in interest charges on new car hire purchase agreements. Dealers say this is already reflected in a serious way in the home order books. With supply rapidly catching up with demand, the prices of used cars are declining—and the state of the second-hand market is always an accurate guide to the health of the motor trade in general.

(3) The mounting output of Britain's chief Continental rivals—Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat—and the fact that they are increasing their exports at a faster rate than Britain.

The motor industry plays such an important part in Britain's national economy and is so sensitive to credit restrictions that one wonders if the latest application of the spending brake may not do the country more harm than good. I cannot help thinking that Whitehall, whenever it imposes new restraints that will decelerate the delivery of cars to the home market, also has at the back of its mind the problem of congestion on Britain's roads: a problem which has become acute in spite of the continuance of a heavy purchase tax without equal in any other country.

All this gloomy talk about a car-trade recession in the autumn is taking place at a time when the Big Six are going ahead with multi-million expansion schemes including the erection of big new factories on Merseyside, in Scotland and elsewhere. Can this vast expenditure be justified at a time when the industry is suffering set-backs in its best export market—the U.S.—and experiencing in the domestic field a softening-up which is none the less real for being artificially created? The short answer, of course, is that the new expansion programme is not only justified but vitally necessary if Britain is to keep her place in catering for a growing world demand for cars in competition with Germany, France, Italy and—to an increasing extent—with the U.S.

This is the time of year when many G.B. plates are to be seen on the roads of France—and especially those in the vicinity of Le Touquet, Calais and Boulogne. My own observation suggests a big increase this summer and figures supplied by the A.A., R.A.C., the Dover Harbour Board and the Channel air ferries bear this out. It is a boom year for Continental touring and many British motorists are taking their cars abroad for the first time. It has been made much simpler by the virtual abolition of the carnet. Buy (for 2d.) the official form, 29C (Sale), get a green card from your insurance company—and off you go. It's as simple as that, though in my opinion the motoring organisations still give good value for money in the foreign touring service they provide for a fee of £3.

Here are a few tips for those who are planning a Continental motoring holiday.... Book your Channel passage as early as possible. Make sure your tool-kit is complete (including a tyre pressure gauge). Put in a couple of dusters and a bottle of Holtspray for squirting on the screen. Get hold of one of those boxes of spare parts which various car firms offer on a "pay-only-if-you-use-them" basis.

Get a spare ignition key and fix it to the front bumper (or some other external hiding-place) with adhesive tape. It's easy to lose your car keys on holiday—and there is nothing more infuriating than being locked out of your own car through carelessness. Fit yellow bulbs or else paint your lamp glasses with one of those quick-drying products which smell like nail varnish. French camion drivers seem to hate white lights more than ever and I have heard frightening stories of lorries trying to force cars off the road when they thought they were being dazzled by white lights. I'm all for amber headlights, anyway. They are not so trying on the eyes and they are invaluable in fog.

Organise an overnight bag to avoid taking all your luggage out of the car at every night stop. See that you take enough maps of the right kind. The *Guide Michelin* is well-nigh indispensable in France and among many other guides issued by the famous French tyre firm is a useful one covering the Benelux countries. BP and certain other oil companies provide a good touring service, available on request.

Be careful about keeping to the right. The really dangerous moments are when you pull away from filling stations or drive out of your hotel in the morning. That's when it is all too easy to forget the Continental rule.

Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom in the works-entered Austin Healey 3000 in which they won a Coupe des Alpes in the Alpine Rally. They also won the award for the best-placed British competitor

As I write this in the French Alps while following the famous Alpine Trial in a Triumph TR3 admirably suited to that kind of motoring, the new French franc stands at about 13·7 to the pound and while it remains that way it is useful to remember that one new franc (or 100 old ones) is worth about 1s. 6d. So the old 100- and 50-franc coins (one new franc and half a new franc respectively) are useful for the odd tip.

On the whole the cost of food has gone up since last year but the increase is not uniformly spread. It is still possible to eat cheaply in France off the beaten track and even in the *régions touristique* if you are prepared to choose your eating places carefully. In the *Guide Michelin* are to be found many recommended restaurants offering main meals for less than 8·5 francs (roughly 13s. 6d.).

Do not overlook the good honest virtues of the Routiers, with their distinctive blue and red sign. Some of them are humble-looking places but the food is always good and cheap and served in scrupulously clean surroundings. Wine need not add much to the cost of a meal unless you are extravagant. Ask for a bottle or carafe of vin du pays (not vin ordinaire; that is impolite and not necessarily true). If you want a really good meal the *Guide Michelin* tells you where it can be found wherever you happen to be in France.

Just a few more tips for Continental tourists.... Keep to your proper side of all solid road lines (single or double) if you want to avoid the risk of an on-the-spot fine by one of those fearsome-looking French motor-cycle police. Don't forget the rule about giving way to traffic coming from the right. If you are going to France don't forget to buy, before you leave England, an adequate supply of tourist petrol coupons. You get your petrol much cheaper that way.

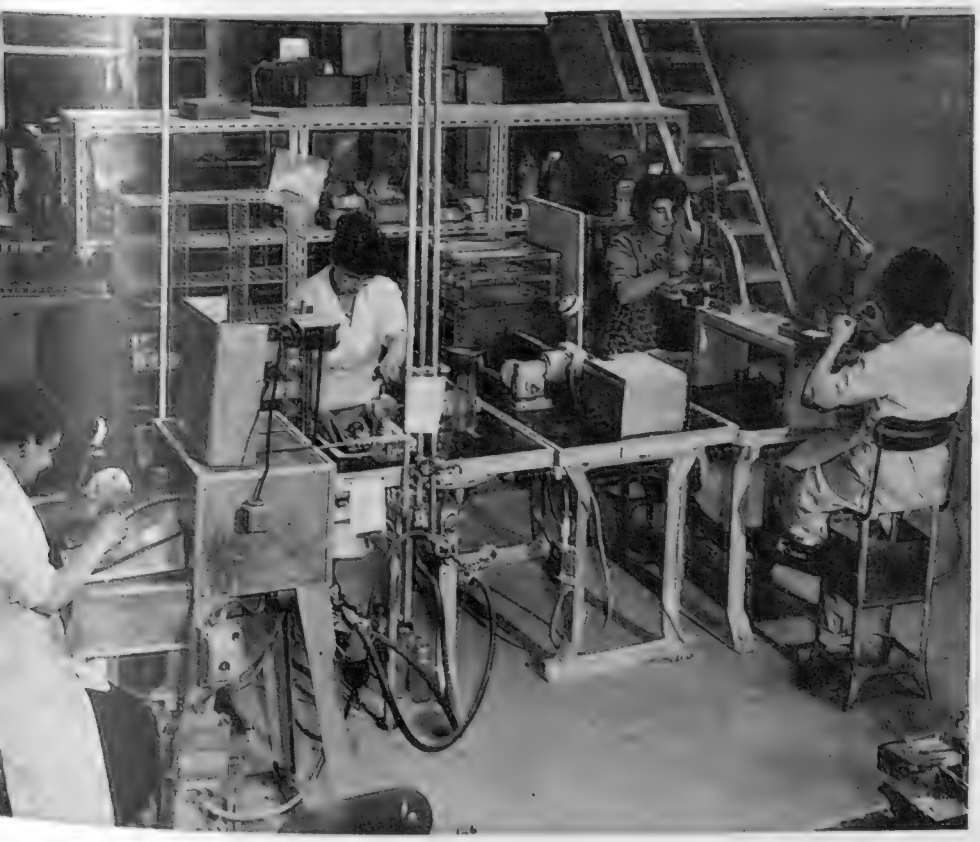
When working out journey times you can reckon it will take a minute for every kilometre. Example: a trip of 90 kilometres (about 54 miles) will normally take about an hour and a half unless you really press on. I converted that figure of 90 kilometres simply by multiplying the nine by six. It's a quick, rough-and-ready way of turning kilometres into miles as you go along without bothering to multiply the whole figure by five and dividing the answer by eight. Examples: 63 kilometres equals just over 36 miles (6 multiplied by 6); 340 kilometres equal about 204 miles (34 by 6).

Loading the terminals for firing by a new method at the South Wales factory of K.L.G.

The new "grease-gun" method of injecting the cement into the terminals

INJECTING CEMENT BY GREASE-GUN

Among the products of K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Limited are sealed terminals. These are small insulators, made of the same type of ceramic as sparking plugs, which are used extensively in the radio and electronic industries. The K.L.G. method engineers have recently designed, and brought into use, a new system for the production of the terminals. One of the major features of the new process is the adaptation of the grease-gun principle for the injection of cement into the bodies of the tiny seals. Previously, the sealing agent had to be applied by hand. The engineers carried out their experiments with an ordinary grease-gun. Apart from being messy, the old method involved wastage of cement of up to 80 per cent. Another part of the new method devised by K.L.G. is in the firing process. Formerly, a tunnel-kiln which occupied about 200 square feet of floor space was employed exclusively for the firing of the terminals. This has been freed for other work, because the firing is now carried out in a furnace which takes up only 6 square feet. All round, there has been a 50 per cent. saving in floor-space, and eleven of a team of eighteen operators have been released for other duties. The output of 130,000 terminals at the K.L.G. factory in Treforest, South Wales, has not decreased with this change. K.L.G. Sparking Plugs Ltd. are associated with Smiths Motor Accessory Division, part of S. Smith and Sons (England) Limited.



One of the compact semi-automatic units with which the terminals are produced by K.L.G.

This previous method of cement injection was messy and wasteful

BOOKS

SAVIOUR OF LONDON

White Colonialism in Kenya; two contrasted novels of the sea; and American Humour

When Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks was collecting material for a television series on "Men in Action," it was natural that he should read many tales of superb courage, but, as he writes himself in a foreword to AGENT EXTRAORDINARY (Collins. 18s.), "this is the most remarkable story of them all, for Michel Hollard was the man who literally saved London." Exactly how he saved it is told by Mr. George Martelli in an unforgettable book of adventure, daring and the coldest courage of all: the kind which endures day after day and year after year with only the barest encouragement or acknowledgment, while the risks grow greater and greater.

Hollard was forty-one when the war started. He had fought in the First World War and won the Croix de Guerre. In the Second he was to win the D.S.O., the highest award which may be given to a man who is not a citizen of our country. He started his work for victory quietly enough, first of all with an essential belief in victory for the Allies and, secondly, by resigning from his engineering job in Paris when he heard that it was to be run by and for the Germans. From that to becoming the leader of an independent *reseau* of the underground came by gradual but inevitable steps. He managed to cross the frontier into Switzerland and offer his services to the British Military Attaché in Berne, which help, after due checking up, was accepted. Hollard was to cross and re-cross that frontier nearly a hundred times before his betrayal, imprisonment and torture, and by that time he had supplied British Intelligence not only with the first drawings of a launching site for V.1s, but had followed these up with the actual measurements of a V.1 discovered beside a railway. From the plans he gave, models were made and a defence system inaugurated, as well as a campaign of intensive R.A.F. bombing of the launching sites. The Germans, who had planned an offensive of at least 5,000 flying bombs a month on London, had to be content with a far smaller number.

The very end of his wartime career was a period of horror which reduced about 95 per cent. of his companions to the condition of animals or to death. Michel Hollard was to survive, to be reunited with his family and to be honoured by a country whose capital city this one man had saved from destruction. It is certainly no careless phrase to use that a book of such exploits and such wonderful bravery is unforgettable.

A NEW EARTH (Chatto and Windus. 30s.) is Mrs. Elspeth Huxley's detailed and absorbing study of what she rightly calls an experiment in colonialism, the experiment which is currently taking place in the Africa she knows so well. The setting for this beneficent revolution is Kenya; its protagonists the 6,000,000 Africans who inhabit that land of immense potentialities. To-day, the wind of change is blowing towards land reform and individual ownership, the steps which, through personal responsibility, will in time lead to independence of government. Mrs. Huxley, whose childhood and part of whose later life has been spent in Africa, is better placed than most writers to evaluate these changes with a certain perspective and with a very real sense of balance between the old and the new.

Her book is not about the white highlands, "where a handful of European farmers has established a small but thriving settlement and a nucleus of Western economy." Nor is it about the big cities, nor the long coastal strip, nor the Northern Frontier District with its great deserts and lava mountains. It deals, on the contrary, only with those regions where most of those 6,000,000 live, an area slightly larger than the whole of England, honeycombed with land barriers, both of race and tribe, all of which, as Mrs. Huxley sees it, must go so that the land may become, as in other countries, the property not of tribes but of individuals. A deeply interesting study and one that has been written with sympathy and insight.

JOAN PLOWRIGHT as Beatie Bryant in *Roots*, the second part of Arnold Wesker's trilogy, being performed at the Royal Court Theatre. The third part, *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*, starts on July 26. In *Roots*, the story of a young girl's return from London to her rural family in Norfolk, Joan Plowright gives one of the most exciting performances now to be seen

First of this week's novels is Mr. Warren Tute's long and satisfying story, THE GOLDEN GREEK (Cassell. 16s.), which tells the meteoric tale of a Greek shipowner, rising to power, notoriety and immense riches in the years since the war. His fighting methods are his own, his ruthlessness a byword and his reliance on the English sense of fair play very definite—always supposing it is the English who exhibit it and not himself. This is colourful stuff and extremely readable. It is also the work of a man who writes with real authority about matters concerned with the story of the Afrika Korps under the title THE FOXES OF THE DESERT (Macdonald. 30s.). This is the author's first publication, and he reveals himself as a military historian of the first order. The key to final victory he shows lay neither in brilliant generalship nor dauntless courage; it lay with the army which had both petrol and transport available in sufficient quantities at the right place at the crucial moments.

"The wider people are scattered, the better they know one another." That in a sentence is the theme of Douglas Lockwood, versatile Australian journalist and lover of the outback, in FAIR DINKUM (Cassell. 16s.), a series of stories stemming from his journalistic experience based on the port of Darwin and taking him right through the Northern Territory. Mr. Lockwood is most at home among the stock riders and the gold seekers, and his tales reflect his intense pleasure in the sights and scenes of inland Australia.

Elswyth Thane, author of the widely acclaimed Williamsburg novels, has now written an absorbing narrative of the American Revolutionary War, following the course of the battles fought in the South and leading up to the surrender of Yorktown. She calls it THE FAMILY QUARREL (Robert Hale. 16s.), and she uses as her sourcebook the almost forgotten chronicle of the artist-writer Benson Lossing, who travelling by waggon more than a century ago visited nearly every place with important associations with the Revolution.

R. C. E.

TWO ERAS IN INDIA

A Prelude to Empire, and an Assessment of Imperial Achievement

In the hey-day of the Kingdom of Oudh, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, no local governor ever considered it his duty to arrest criminals, the king never saw a petitioner nor read a complaint, rarely even condescending to see his Ministers, and the only cry for help that was ever listened to was the jingle of money. Government by extortion was indeed the order of the day. Michael Edwardes thus sums up the state of affairs in Oudh between 1827 and 1857, a period when four kings reigned in Lucknow, one of them "a profligate and a sot," the second an aged cripple, the third a permanent absentee, and the fourth an imbecile. He calls his book THE ORCHID HOUSE (Cassell. 25s.), and in this atmosphere of madness, luxury and corruption we see played out the events which were the prelude to the Indian Mutiny. The central figure in this drama is Nasir-ud-din Haidar, and for a highly-coloured description of this dissolute monarch (who bore the title "Refuge of the World") Mr. Edwardes quotes Mr. Croupley, who was the royal librarian and one of the king's five European aides. The author draws repeatedly upon contemporary sources to build up the picture of splendour and misery in Oudh, and he places the events within the context of the then fast expanding British Indian Empire.

Now to turn from the earlier days of our dominion in India, before Britain put her stamp on the whole vast sub-continent, to the aftermath of empire. In WHERE THE LION TROD (Macmillan. 18s.), Gordon Shepherd surveys the scene in India thirteen years after British rule came to an end, looking across the land where Britain soldiered, administered and governed. This well-known foreign correspondent attempts to assess our real contribution to India, but some may find his findings superficial, and there are certain omissions not easily explained. There is no adequate reference, to the excellence, the continuing tradition, and the still mounting circulation of the English language newspapers in India, little is said about the incorruptibility and quality of judgment within the High Court. Thus Mr. Shepherd mars his story; and perhaps he was wrong to make such a weighty matter the subject of what he calls "a light political travel book."

The duels between Rommel and Wavell, Auchinleck, and Montgomery remain among the most memorable events of the Second World War. The desert soldiers under these more than ordinarily skilled generals made history, in the ebb and flow of victory and defeat, with their marching and countermarching from the gates of Tripoli to the banks of the Nile and back again. Treating these campaigns and the personalities they evoked with a good deal of fair-minded detachment, although writing definitely enough from the German point of view, Paul Carell tells

the sea and shipping. Although the central figure of Mr. Tute's cast is not recognisable, the world in which he exercises his influence is, whether in London offices, Riviera casinos or Athenian hotels. And the reader need not necessarily have visited many places of the kind to be familiar with it. There are such things as newspapers, and newspapers have such things as gossip columns as well as their pages of shipping news and market reports. Altogether, here is an author who brings his plot and his people to vivid life and contrives a dramatic whole which is either a success story or a localised tragedy, depending upon your own viewpoint.

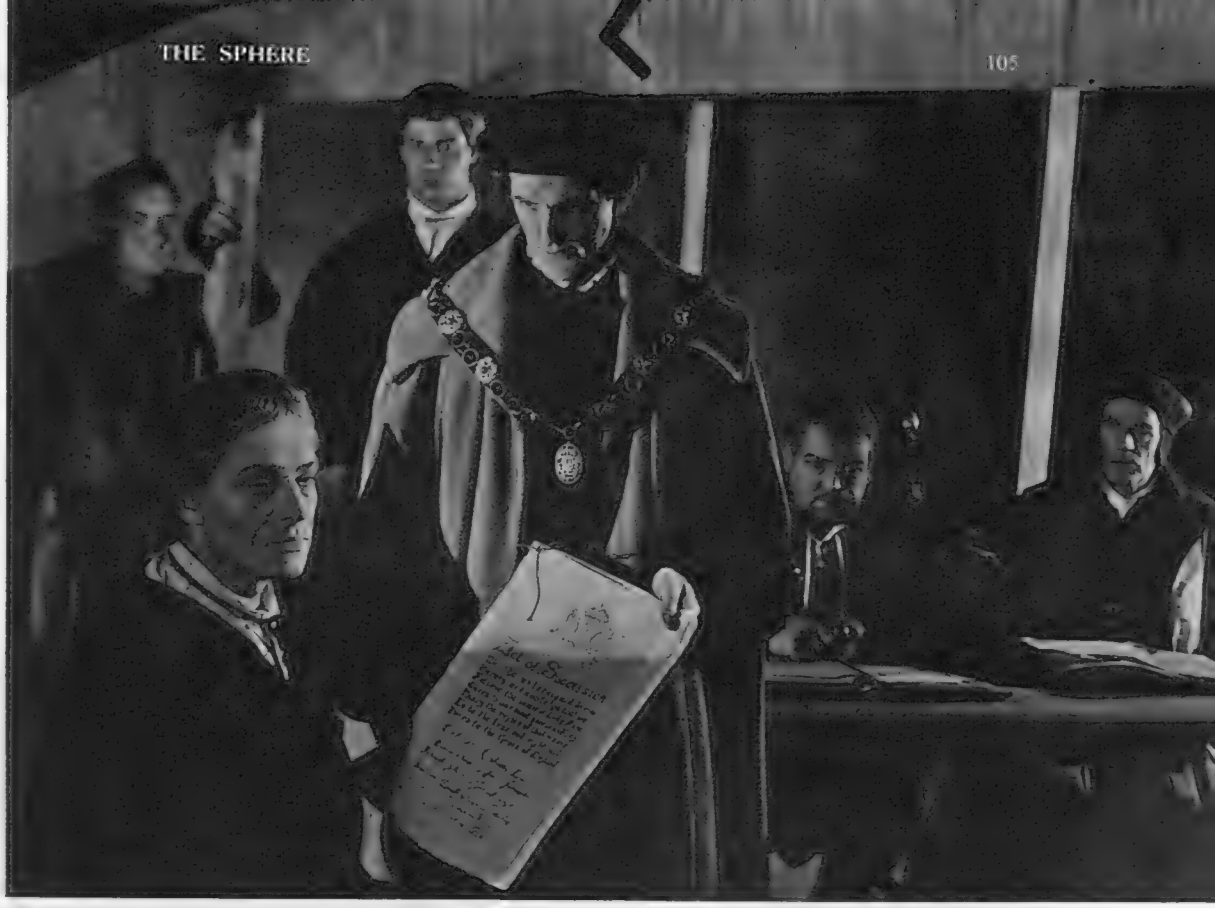
There is, however, only one way of looking at Commander Gilbert Hackforth-Jones' novel, LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), and that is as a piece of very good fun. The narrator of this saga of sea misadventures is himself a naval captain, a complete traditionalist whose attempts to become ultra-modern in his outlook are in themselves howlingly funny. He is given command, as of the year 1963—a safety device of no particular soundness—of a Fleet repair ship which is, in fact, a converted liner. From the first day when he enters in his meticulously-kept diary his impressions of his officers and ship's company (" A ship with three Joneses in it tends to become a laughing stock ") to the last, when he has resigned the Service in order to skipper a millionaire's yacht, there are pages upon pages of laughs, and I mean that proper kind of laugh which requires a book to be laid down and, eventually, eyes to be wiped. Anyone who enjoyed the delightful film, *The Baby and the Battleship*, as much as I did, will not be surprised that Commander Hackforth-Jones was its part-author.

LOBLOLLY (Heinemann. 15s.) comes from the United States and, specifically, from the witty pen of Mr. Frank Gilbreth, jun., who was co-author with one of his many sisters of *Cheaper by the Dozen* and knows a funny line when he sees one, or a funny situation before it actually gets up and hits him. His present book is concerned with a young girl and an even younger brother who, on the deaths of their happy-go-lucky parents from alcoholism, are given some kind of a home in one of the most famous—and ramshackle—of all the great houses in Charleston, South Carolina. There lives grandmother, an eccentric old bat if ever I met one in or out of fiction, and there, too, lives their great-uncle, equally unconventional but a good deal more fun.

Somewhat undernourished and without private resources of pocket money or allowances, the fifteen-year-old and the twelve-year-old, in the blessed absence of the old lady, clean up the house, learn its history from their old avuncular friend and start a twice-daily series of conducted tours, at 50 cents a crack. This, however, is only one of their doings and, in its different way, this is just as funny a book as the naval one just reviewed.

When Disraeli married the widowed Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who was so much his senior, so outlandishly dressed and such a stranger to tact, the London gossips concluded that her fortune had been the lure. In fact, for whatever motives the match had been made it was to prove a wonderfully happy one and to give Disraeli the loyal love and the constant, highly intelligent support that he needed in his home as in his political life. Miss Doris Leslie tells the story of Mary Anne in THE PERFECT WIFE (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), and tells it in the racy terms of an historical novel, however serious its intention. She has given her heroine the true quality of vitality, that greatest asset of the odd little woman whom Queen Victoria was to create Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right, and shown her as the dedicated parliamentary hostess and, paradoxically, as the mistress of the *faux pas*. Quite a feat and quite a book.

Vernon Fane



Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More and Andrew Keir as Thomas Cromwell

Sir Thomas More with his wife and daughter, played by Wynne Clark and Pat Keene

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

at the Globe Theatre

Robert Bolt's eloquent play is a study of Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century statesman who is one of the most fascinating figures of the English Renaissance. The long part of a man whose steadfast conscience made him a martyr is played by Paul Scofield in a many-sided, fascinating performance. To bridge the gap between to-day and the period of the play, the author has employed the device of a chorus, a common man who is also a bit-player. Of this part Leo McKern makes a wryly comic commentator and also appears as steward, boatman, gaoler and executioner. Directed by Noel Willman, the play is a fluent episodic story of quiet distinction.

Below:
Leo McKern as the common man and chorus

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

LOUISA GIBB

A woman who has made her name in the frozen-food business is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

Factory managers in skirts are rare. Even in the food industry, where a good many women reach responsible positions, the career of Miss Louisa Gibb is a remarkable triumph. Equipped with a science degree from Liverpool University, Miss Gibb entered the industry at the age of twenty-six, after two false starts in other jobs. Another twenty-six years later, in 1958, she was appointed general manager of the Birds Eye frozen food factory at Kirkby, near Liverpool, where she is " boss " of some 1,200 people, including ten senior managers—all men—directly responsible to her. In the whole of British industry, it is doubtful whether more than a handful of women hold comparable business honours.

Miss Gibb attributes her success to " the luck of being in the right place at the right moment." An hour in her company is enough to demolish this over-modest theory. Apart from basic managerial qualifications like a good brain, long experience of a complex industry, and a talent for getting on with people, her outsize personality has obviously put this lively, likeable woman at the top, where she belongs. Zest is her most striking quality. In a slightly jaded world, she is refreshing,

Miss Gibb with the Birds Eye Marketing Director, Mr. K. J. B. Webb

because she communicates a tremendous capacity for enjoyment—of her work, of her small leisure, of everyday things.

When she relates how fond she is of clothes, she makes her listeners feel like going out and buying a new suit. Accepting a modest drink at the end of a long day's work, she exclaims: " What a lovely treat! " Laughter punctuates her conversation, lines of laughter enhance her keen, attractive face—a face far more appealing than photographs reveal. There is no affectation about all this. It is the boundless, infectious enthusiasm of a woman who knew what she wanted from life at a very early age and has revelled in the long, hard process of acquiring it.

Marriage was emphatically not what she wanted from life. She was engaged when she was twenty-three, after a few years in her first job as a chemist in the soap-testing laboratories of Lever Brothers. The rest of the story is best told in her own words. " When I got engaged, I thought I 'd better go home and learn to cook, and things like that, you know. So I gave up the job and went home; and then I suddenly realised that that wasn't what I wanted to do at all. So I broke it off, and started looking at the ads. in the newspapers."

Three years later, Miss Gibb made another important decision. Her second job, testing materials used for aircraft in the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate of the Air Ministry, convinced her that being a Civil Servant appealed to her as little as being a housewife. Once more, she resigned and began scanning advertisements. What caught her eye this time was a vacancy in the production management department of Smethursts at Grimsby. Having got the job, she stayed with the firm for twenty-four years, moving steadily upwards. The war increased her responsibilities and by 1956, when she was made a director of the company, she had been both production manager and works manager. In the following year, when Smethursts amalgamated with the Birds Eye quick-freezing organisation, Miss Gibb was appointed production manager of the latter firm. Not long afterwards, she became manager of their Kirkby factory.

In all this time, the industry had been taking equally rapid strides. Birds Eye, one of the leading producers in a hotly competitive expanding market, started production in 1946 in one small factory offering only six kinds of frozen foods. To-day they have five factories, some 8,000 employees, and a menu of forty-two items including fish, poultry and meat as well as fruit and vegetables. When the Kirkby plant started operating in 1952, its output was just over 6,000,000 packets. Last year, under Miss Gibb's command, the figure was nearly 50,000,000.

A constitution that can stand up to exceptionally long periods of overtime is a vital managerial asset in this particular section of the food industry. As Miss Gibb explained, " We have no control over our raw materials. We must be prepared to meet nature. Everything is geared to the harvesting seasons." At picking times in the vegetable fields round Kirkby, the plant runs 24 hours a day for seven days a week, and she and her managers take turns at 12-hour stints to supervise the many meticulous processes that take place during the brief hours between harvesting and freezing. When I met her, she had been on duty for the whole of the previous week-end, ministering to a fine crop of mature spinach.

During these peak production seasons, minutes mean money. " If anything goes wrong, you jeopardise not only an enormous amount of cash, with the loss of your raw materials, but also the goodwill of your growers. If we can't deal with his peas, we won't get his contract." What could go wrong? " Well, you could have an electrical failure," mused Miss Gibb, calmly, " and that could put the whole of your processing plant out of action. Or you could have labour troubles." (Most of her employees belong to the Electrical Trades Union, the Amalgamated Engineering Union or the Transport and General Workers' Union.) In such emergencies, the manager is always on call, ready to offer advice and reassurance.

Confronted with longer-term problems affecting the factory, Miss Gibb likes to work them out in her mind while she takes one of her favourite forms of exercise—a long, long walk along the sands at Southport, where she lives alone in a centrally-heated modern flat on the seafront. " It 's a lovely little town," she enthuses, " and the sands are glorious. You can walk for miles without seeing a soul." Once a keen swimmer, golfer and tennis player, she says she has given up all those pastimes since she became a manager. And if she uses a high proportion of frozen foods in her kitchen, it is not only out of loyalty to her firm but because she doesn't have much time for cooking at home after a strenuous day in her food factory.

Like most women in senior positions, she admits that she has probably given a little more time, thought and energy to her work than a man would have done. " Women are so very conscientious, always aware of their responsibilities in a male sphere. I learned the first lesson very early—that you must never flaunt your sex, never *trade* on being a woman. As for the long hours, don't think for a minute that I 'm grumbling about that. The job takes most of my time, but it 's an absorbing job and I love it, accepting its demands." It seemed idle to ask Miss Gibb whether she ever looked back with second thoughts on that broken engagement, but I couldn't resist the question. " Absolutely no regrets," she said, happily, " *absolutely* none ! "

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FROGMEN AT A FISHERY

At a salmon fishery at Montrose, on the east coast of Scotland, two members of the staff have recently been trained as skin-divers, or "frogmen." They have been found invaluable for a wide range of tasks, such as salvaging lost anchors and fishing gear and undertaking repairs under water to fishing craft. On occasions their assistance has been enlisted by visitors who have lost valuable possessions in the sea or the River South Esk. Not so long ago they recovered a pair of false teeth from the Montrose Basin. Some of the frogmen's most useful work has undoubtedly been concerned with the salmon. The fish are caught in nets fixed on stakes and the fishermen normally wade out to get them or, at high tide, climb along the stakes to retrieve them. In the latter case it has hitherto not always been possible to retrieve the fish in the nets in deep water. Now, however, the frogmen can dive to any depth and are able to bring up the catch speedily and without difficulty.

The two frogmen at work in one of the nets

A salmon is retrieved from deep water at the Montrose Fishery

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Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE

Centre specimen is the skin or "cover" of a lesser paperback, usually discarded about the sixth day. Note left the carton, exquisitely adapted to its purpose (being a carton). Bottom left are bus tickets marked by the Migration section of the S.P.U. (Schweppshire Papyrological Union).

NO. 5 PAPER WATCHING. The great bulk of Park-loving species is undoubtedly "Sunday" paper. This is known as the Sunday phase of paper movement and is actually associated with Sunday, although of course there is no generic or ritual significance in this. The loose term "Sunday newspaper" has long been discarded, as the news itself is difficult to find, often merely vestigial and hidden beneath adventitious and prominent frontages believed to be attraction-repulsion in origin.

Note that one piece of paper is in front or "leading" as we call it, though of course it is dangerous to impute anthropomorphic motives; nor is it for us to "explain" this quality of coming firstness.

Most of the species are familiar; but the keen watcher is often rewarded by the appearance of individuals unfamiliar, if not actually rare. See here for instance a fine example of a Journal of Naval Groceries and Supply, with, not far away, a ruffled specimen of a Programme of the Schweltenham Festival.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH